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REVIEWS

The Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. By Thomas Moore. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Longman & Co.

We have been some time waiting the appearance of this work, and with anxiety—not for the mere pleasure of reading a delightful piece of biography, but in the earnest hope, which has not been disappointed, that full justice would be done in it to the memory of men whose motives and feelings have hitherto been strangely misrepresented. Mr. Moore has done them justice—he has dared to write of Lord Edward Fitzgerald as we hoped he would, as of one of the most amiable and excellent men that ever breathed; he has volunteered the same honest opinion of young Emmett—and he has thus vindicated the motives and the feeling of the many virtuous and good men, known and unknown, who were engaged with them, wisely or unwisely, signified not, in the desperate attempt to rid their country of a government, that had so long ruled it with a rod of iron.

Our younger countrymen—and generations springing up to manhood as regularly as the sun returns, though writers and politicians too often forget this simple truth—seeing the enlightened and conciliatory policy of the late governments towards Ireland, cannot comprehend how or why it is that that miserable country is never at peace. And, unfortunately, there is no chance of their being enlightened on the subject by any modern writer—the old intolerant persecuting bayonet system, is nearly forgotten, and has not even an apologist left among us. If they really desire to be informed, they must read the history of Ireland, or of the misgovernment with which for two centuries it was afflicted—a misgovernment that, by cruelty, injustice, and exclusion, ruined one of the finest countries on earth—goaded the nation to madness—and drove good men, such as Lord Edward Fitzgerald and many, many others, to dare the hazard of foreign aid and rebellion, with all their certain miseries, rather than longer sit still and see their countrymen groaning in despair, under the oppression of the spoiler and the persecutor.

It is an old truth, that a patriot and a rebel differ only in their success:—had the English government succeeded in re-establishing its power in America, Washington might have been hanged—had the rebellion in Ireland been successful, Lord Edward might—but it is perhaps fortunate that it did not succeed; justice has been done to Ireland on one great question, and justice is being done to all Britain on another—and we trust the kingdom may now remain united, to their mutual glory and happiness.

But we will never fail, when opportunity offers, to do justice to the memories of those

excellent men, who, "faithful found among the faithless," who, fallen on evil days, yet advocated the cause of truth and justice. A short time since, we bore a willing, and, we trust, a not unworthy testimony to the virtues of Thomas Muir; and we have now spoken with equal candour of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

But we cannot leave the subject without guarding younger men than ourselves from being misled by words—and words are potential things. We and they are equally accustomed to talk of "the Rebellion of Ninety-eight," and the words in their ordinary sense, seem to prejudge and determine the question. They must therefore remember, that rebellion itself may be justified; that a right of resistance to a government exists in every nation; and that what they have to consider is, whether circumstances excuse the parties engaged in it, for having had recourse to so desperate a measure. It is a question we are not called on to determine. It will, however, hardly be denied by those conversant with Irish history, that no choice remained to them, but between silent submission and open opposition. All, however, that we desire to have admitted is, that, though many motives, widely different passions, and various hopes drew the different parties into that rebellion, there were among the banded thousands many excellent men, who sacrificed the enjoyments of life, and hazarded life itself for the sole purpose of putting down an exclusive, blind, and oppressive government, that ruled their country to its ruin. Be it, too, remembered, that even in the last hour, the leaders of the united Irish offered not only to lay aside all thoughts of openly resisting the government, but to co-operate with it to their utmost power, if they would but consent to some rational measure of reform in the representation—reform in the Irish Parliament, the most venal and corrupt that ever disgraced the name of representative—and what would have satisfied them, may be judged from the following resolutions:—

"That it is indispensably necessary to a fundamental Reform of the Representation that all disabilities, on account of religion, be for ever abolished, and that Catholics shall be admitted into the legislature, and all the great offices of state, in the same extent, &c., as Protestants now are.

"That it is the indispensable right of the people of Ireland to be fully and fairly represented in Parliament.

"That, in order that the people may be fully enabled to exercise that right, the privilege of returning members for cities, boroughs, &c., in the present form, shall cease; that each county be divided into districts, consisting of 6000 houses each, each district to return two members to Parliament.

"That all persons possessing freehold property to the amount of forty pounds per annum; all possessed of leasehold interests of the value

of ; all possessed of a house of the value of ; all who have resided for a certain number of years in any great city or town, following a trade; and all who shall be free of any city, &c. by birth, marriage, or servitude, shall vote for members of Parliament.

"That seats in Parliament shall endure for number of years.

"[The blanks left to be filled up at the discretion of the House.]"

It is not too much to believe that Englishmen in 1831 will feel some sympathy with men who, possessed of enormous power—there were not less than 300,000 united Irishmen, all armed and regimented—offered to lay it down on such rational concessions, and whose cup of hope was struck from them at once, not merely by having their proposal rejected, but their wrongs aggravated, the Habeas Corpus Act suspended, and martial law proclaimed over the whole country.

"Whether," says Mr. Moore, "conciliatory measures might have averted the conflict, must be a question of mere conjecture; but that the reverse system drove the country into rebellion, and nearly severed it from England, has become matter of history."

As a mere biographical work, this is one of the most delightful we have ever read; it abounds with original letters from Lord Edward, written in early life to his mother and family, full of single-hearted simplicity, which derive an immense interest from the sad events of later days. As we foresee that we must return to the work, we shall, in this first notice, confine ourselves principally to those letters; the affectionate gentleness of Lord Edward, as there made manifest, will greatly interest the reader in his after-fortunes.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald was the fifth son of the first Duke of Leinster—his mother was the daughter of Charles Duke of Richmond—and born on the 15th of October, 1763. His father died when he was ten years of age, and his mother soon after married Wm. Ogilvie, Esq., a Scottish gentleman of good family, and, as appears throughout this work, a most excellent man. Soon after this marriage the family retired to France. From early life Lord Edward was destined for the army; in 1779 he received a commission in the Sussex militia, in 1780 he was appointed a lieutenant in the 96th regiment, and soon after joined that regiment, then serving in Ireland; he thus writes to Mr. Ogilvie—

"I received your kind letter yesterday; it gave me a great deal of pleasure, and particularly so, when I found that your sentiments so perfectly agreed with mine. But indeed whatever mine are, as well as anything I have ever acquired, are mostly owing to your affection for me, both in forming my principles and helping my understanding; for which the only return I can make is my love for you; and that I am sure you are perfectly convinced of." i. 10.

Of the zeal with which he devoted himself to the service of his country, we have proof in the following letters; he was then only seventeen:—

"I went from thence to Lord Shannon's, where I met Lady Inchiquin, in the same old marron-coloured gown I saw her in when we left Ireland; only, indeed, I must say (to give the devil his due) that it was made up into a jacket and petticoat. Miss Sandford was with her: she is a charming girl, very pretty, with a great deal of wit, and very sensible and good-humoured;—in short, if I had had time, I should have fallen desperately in love with her; as it is, I am a little touched. Lady Inchiquin and she both go to Dublin to-morrow. I don't know what sort of an account Lady Inchiquin will give of me, but I am sure Miss Sandford will give a very good one.

"We have heard nothing of our destination as yet; but I believe we are to go with the Royals, who are in their transports ready to sail for Cork. I wish we were gone. I hope when Lord Carlisle comes over, Mr. Ogilvie and you won't forget to remind my brother about a company. I hear Lord Buckingham is quite deserted. I suppose there is no chance of his being able to give me a company, though I think my brother ought to have got anything almost from him. However, I do not wish to have one before we sail, as then I should effect an exchange with some captain in America with greater ease; for if a company were to hinder my going out, I should much rather take my chance there. I dare say Lord Strathaven, by being aide-de-camp, will get a majority sooner than I shall, though I may deserve it better; and as my brother had the naming of one of the aides-de-camp, and named Bury, I think, if that is properly used, it may be of some help towards my promotion. If I had been to remain in Ireland, the situation of aide-de-camp would have been a very good thing for me towards promotion, but not towards learning my business and being a good officer, which you know is my great ambition." i. 11—13.

Again—

"Now, suppose, instead of asking leave to get an exchange into the 19th, I were only to ask to be permitted to go out with that regiment to wherever they are destined, and there to be appointed to serve in some capacity or other; as I own his majesty's late promise has only given me a still greater desire to serve abroad; and even promotion would be unacceptable, if it kept me at home, and deprived me of that pleasure." i. 15.

Soon after this was written, the exchange into the 19th was effected, and he sailed for America; there he soon distinguished himself, and was appointed one of Lord Rawdon's aides-de-camp. The present Sir John Doyle, then Adjutant-General, relates a romantic adventure, of which Lord Edward was the hero:—

"Among the varied duties," writes the veteran, "which devolved upon me as chief of the staff, a most material one was obtaining intelligence. This was effected partly by the employment of intelligent spies in various directions, and partly by frequent *reconnaissances*; which last were not devoid of danger, from the superior knowledge of the country possessed by the enemy. Upon these occasions I constantly found Lord Edward by my side, with the permission of our noble chief, who wished our young friend to see everything connected with real service. In fact, the danger enhanced the value of the enterprise in the eyes of this brave young creature. In approaching the position of Ninety-Six, the enemy's light troops in advance became more numerous, and rendered more frequent patrols necessary upon our part.

"I was setting out upon a patrol, and sent to apprise Lord Edward; but he was nowhere to be found, and I proceeded without him, when, at the end of two miles, upon emerging from the forest, I found him engaged with two of the enemy's irregular horse: he had wounded one of his opponents, when his sword broke in the middle, and he must have soon fallen in the unequal contest, had not his enemies fled on perceiving the head of my column. I rated him most soundly, as you may imagine, for the undisciplined act of leaving the camp at so critical a time, without the general's permission. He was, or pretended to be, very penitent, and compounded for my reporting him at the headquarters, provided I would let him accompany me, in the hope of some other enterprise. It was impossible to refuse the fellow, whose frank, manly, and ingenuous manner would have won over even a greater tyrant than myself. In the course of the day we took some prisoners, which I made him convey to head-quarters, with a *Bellerophon* message, which he safely delivered. Lord Moira gravely rebuked him; but I could never find that he lost *much ground* with his chief for his *chivalrous valour*." i. 21—3.

In the autumn of the same year (1781), in the desparate battle at Eutaw Springs, Lord Edward received a severe wound in the thigh.

"In this helpless situation he was found by a poor negro, who carried him off on his back to his hut, and there nursed him most tenderly, till he was well enough of his wound to bear removing to Charlestown. This negro was no other than the 'faithful Tony,' whom in gratitude for the honest creature's kindness, he now took into his service, and who continued devotedly attached to his noble master to the end of his career." i. 24.

Major Doyle, in reference to this event, writes as follows:—

"I am not sure that he was not then acting as aide-de-camp to Stuart, as the 19th, I think, was not there. At all events, he had been foremost in the mêlée, as usual, and received a very severe wound in the thigh. At this same time, Colonel Washington, a distinguished officer of the enemy's cavalry, was severely wounded and made prisoner; and while I was making preparations to send them down comfortably to Charlestown, Lord Edward, forgetting his own wound, offered his services to take charge of his gallant enemy. I saw him every day till he recovered, about which time I was sent to England with the public despatches." i. 25—6.

And he thus concludes—

"Of my lamented and ill-fated friend's excellent qualities I should never tire in speaking. I never knew so loveable a person, and every man in the army, from the general to the drummer, would cheer the expression. His frank and open manner, his universal benevolence, his *gaieté de cœur*, his valour almost chivalrous, and, above all, his unassuming tone, made him the idol of all who served with him. He had great animal spirits, which bore him up against all fatigue; but his courage was entirely independent of those spirits—it was a valour *sui generis*.

"Had fortune happily placed him in a situation, however difficult, where he could *legitimately* have brought those varied qualities into play, I am confident he would have proved a proud ornament to his country." i. 26—7.

In 1783 Lord Edward appears to have been serving in the West Indies—the following letter is dated St. Lucia:—

"What would I not give to be with you, to comfort you, dearest mother! But I hope the peace will soon bring the long-wished-for time. Till then my dearest mother will not expect it.

My profession is that of a military man, and I should reproach myself hereafter, if I thought I lost any opportunity of improving myself in it, or did not, at all times, do as much as lay in my power to merit the promotion I am entitled to expect. Not that the idea of promotion should enter into competition with the happiness of my dearest mother, if, as I said before, I did not think my honour and character concerned. I am of my brother's and Mr. Ogilvie's opinion concerning a lieutenancy in the guards, and would not accept of one if given me for nothing. *

"My brother wishes me to come home next spring to settle about my estate. I shall tell him that any arrangement he may make with your consent I shall always attend to. I own, if I sell entirely, I should feel afraid of myself; but, on the contrary, if I were to have so much a year for it, I think I should get on more prudently. If it could be settled so that I might have so much ready money, and so much a year for my life, I should like it better. However, you may be sure I shall approve of anything you settle. As to going home, I shall certainly not go home about it." i. 31—3.

Not long after the date of this letter, he returned to Ireland, and was brought into Parliament by the Duke of Leinster for the borough of Athy. It appears from various passages in his letters that he was soon weary of this inactive life. In 1786 he entered himself at Woolwich, and determined on a regular course of professional study; but soon after he availed himself of an opportunity of accompanying the Duke of Richmond on an official tour of inspection to Guernsey and Jersey, and returned with him to Goodwood. In the autumn the Duchess of Leinster and her family arrived in England on their way to the continent, and Lord Edward was directed to secure lodgings for the family at Chichester; he concludes his answer thus:—

"Do not stay long at Oxford, for if you do I shall die with impatience before you arrive. I can hardly write, I am so happy. I do not at all envy you seeing Mrs. Siddons; I cannot envy anybody at this moment, for I certainly am the happiest dog in the world. Think of seeing Henry, Sophia, and you, all in one day! I may as well stop, for I cannot write." i. 58.

He now accompanied his family to Nice, and did not return until the opening of parliament made it necessary for him to attend his public duties, and Mr. Moore observes— "On the few important questions that were brought, during this session, before the House, his name is invariably to be found in the very small minority which the stock of Irish patriotism, at this time but scanty, supplied." And it appears from his letters that even at this time "the seeds of that feeling which, in after days, broke out into indignant revolt, were already fast ripening."

Mr. Moore continues,

"In another part of the same letter, he thus, with a depth and delicacy of filial tenderness which few hearts have ever felt so strongly, addresses his beloved mother:—

"You cannot think how I feel to want you here. I dined and slept at Frescati the other day, Ogilvie and I *tête-à-tête*. We talked a great deal of you. Though the place makes me melancholy, yet it gives one pleasant feelings. To be sure, the going to bed without wishing you a good-night; the coming down in a morning, and not seeing you; the sauntering about in the fine sunshine, looking at your flowers and shrubs without you to lean upon one, was all very bad indeed. In settling my journey there, that even-

ing, I determined to see you in my way, supposing you were even a thousand miles out of it;—and now coolly, if I can afford it, I certainly will." i. 62.

A subsequent letter is full of the same delightful feeling:

"It is time for me to go to Frescati. Why are not you there, dearest of mothers? but it feels a little like seeing you too, to go there. We shall talk a great deal of you. I assure you I miss you in Ireland very, very much. I am not half so merry as I should be if you were here. I get tired of everything, and want to have you to go and talk to. You are, after all, what I love best in the world. I always return to you, and find it is the only love I do not deceive myself in. I love you more than I think I do,—but I will not give way to such thoughts, for it always makes me grave. I really made myself miserable for two days since I left you, by this sort of reflections; and, in thinking over with myself what misfortunes I could bear, I found there was one I could not;—but God bless you." i. 63.

In the next summer he proceeded to Gibraltar, with the ulterior object of a tour through Portugal and Spain. His mother seems never to have been absent from his thoughts—the following is from a letter dated Gibraltar:

"I wrote you the other day a letter, which I was ashamed to send; I had got up, *particularly* fond of you, and had determined to give up all improvement whatever, and set out to you by the shortest road without stopping. I have now settled my tour, so that I hope to be with you in July; that I may accomplish it, I shall give up my visit to Madrid and Granada, and take them some other time. I really cannot stay much longer without seeing you. If I feel thus here, you may guess how much stronger it will be when I leave this place, and am left to myself. Often when I see a ship sailing, I think how glad I should be if I were aboard, and on my passage to you." i. 68.

Again, in another from Madrid,—

"I have been but three hours in Madrid. I wanted to set off to you by post, and should have been with you, in that case, in seven days. It was to cost me 40*l.*; but Tony remonstrated and insisted that it was very foolish, when I might go for five guineas, and,—in short, he prevailed." i. 73.

The great charm of these letters, says Mr. Moore, most truly,—"lies neither in the descriptions nor reflections, much livelier and profounder than which might, in this age of showy and second-hand cleverness, be parroted forth by persons with not a tittle of Lord Edward's intellect,—but in that ever wakeful love of home and of all connected with it, which accompanies him wherever he goes; which mixes, even to a disturbing degree, with all his pursuits and pleasures, and would, it is plain, could his wishes have been seconded by the fabled cap of Fortunatus, have been for ever transporting him back into the family circle. In some of the remembrances he sends to his sisters, that playfulness of nature which, to the end of his life, and through some of its most trying scenes, never deserted him, rather amusingly breaks out. For instance, after observing that all the little Portuguese and Spanish girls put him in mind of his sister Ciss, he adds, 'You are by this time settled at Barege, and I hope have had neither bickerings nor pickings. One certainly avoids them by being alone, and it is that, I believe, that makes it so tiresome. I really, at this moment, long to have a little quarrel with somebody. Give my love to all of them. I am sorry poor dear Charlotte is not better,—glad Lucy is quite well, and hope Sophia is not lachrymose. I sincerely hope Mimi is grown obstinate, passionate, and disobedient to all the

girls, and that she don't mind a word Mr. Clavel says to her; that when she is at her lesson, she only keeps her eyes on the book, while, all the while, she is thinking of riding on Bourras; and that the minute you are out of the room, she begins talking to Cecilia. God bless you.'" i. 71—3.

Lord Edward had formed an early boyish attachment to a lady in Ireland—with separation it died away—but he was now seriously in love. The lady's father, however, disapproved of the match—the acquaintance was broken off—and he determined to try what active life would do to relieve his mind, and sailed immediately to join his regiment, (the 54th,) then serving at New Brunswick. The letters written from thence are extremely interesting, but only a few passages are so intimately connected with personal feeling, as to require to be transferred to our pages in illustration of his character,—thus from St. John's:

"However, here I am now with my regiment, up at six in the morning doing all sorts of right things, and liking it very much, determined to go home next spring, and live with you a great deal. Employment keeps up my spirits, and I shall have more every day. I own I often think how happy I could be with G * * in some of the spots I see; and envied every young farmer I met, whom I saw sitting down with a young wife, whom he was going to work to maintain." i. 83.

Again from St. Ann's,—

"Good bye, dearest mother, I do all I can not to think of you, but in vain. Give my love to everybody. I love G * * more than ever, and, if she likes me, can never change. I often think what pleasure it would be to come home to her, and how much better every object would appear,—but I stop my thoughts as much as I can. I never shall, I think, be happy without her; neither do I say that I shall be absolutely unhappy. I think it indeed wrong (when one has a great number of real blessings) not to feel and enjoy them, because there is one which we cannot have. For myself, I have so many, that I feel afraid anything more would be beyond my share, and that so great a happiness must be attended with some misfortune." i. 88.

The following fanciful speculations would be truly delightful, if they were not made painfully interesting by the consideration that, in all probability, the rejection of his suit for want of sufficient fortune to maintain the lady in that rank of artificial society in which she was accustomed to move, was the first awakening impulse to these strange thoughts:

"I know Ogilvie says I ought to have been a savage, and if it were not that the people I love and wish to live with are civilized people, and like houses, &c. &c., I really would join the savages; and, leaving all our fictitious, ridiculous wants, be what nature intended we should be. Savages have all the real happiness of life, without any of those inconveniences, or ridiculous obstacles to it, which custom has introduced among us. They enjoy the love and company of their wives, relations, and friends, without any interference of interests or ambition to separate them. To bring things home to oneself, if we had been Indians, instead of its being my duty to be separated from all of you, it would, on the contrary, be my duty to be with you, to make you comfortable, and to hunt and fish for you: instead of Lord G * *'s being violent against letting me marry G * *, he would be glad to give her to me, that I might maintain and feed her. There would be then no cases of looking forward to the fortune for children,—of thinking how you are to live: no separations in families, one in Ireland, one in England: no

devilish politics, no fashions, customs, duties, or appearances to the world, to interfere with one's happiness. Instead of being served and supported by servants, everything here is done by one's relations—by the people one loves; and the mutual obligations you must be under increase your love for each other. To be sure, the poor ladies are obliged to cut a little wood and bring a little water. Now the dear Ciss and Mimi, instead of being with Mrs. Lynch, would be carrying wood and fetching water, while ladies Lucy and Sophia were cooking or drying fish. As for you, dear mother, you would be smoking your pipe. Ogilvie and us boys, after having brought in our game, would be lying about the fire, while our squaws were helping the ladies to cook, or taking care of our pauses: all this in a fine wood, beside some beautiful lake, which when you were tired of, you would in ten minutes, without any baggage, get into your canoes and off with you elsewhere." i. 91—2.

Mr. Moore's commentary on these passages is admirable, but we can only extract the conclusion.

"—The principle, thus admitted, retained its footing in his mind after the reveries through which it had first found its way thither had vanished; and though it was some time before politics—beyond the range, at least, of mere party tactics—began to claim his attention, all he had meditated and felt among the solitudes of Nova Scotia could not fail to render his mind a more ready recipient for such doctrines as he found prevalent on his return to Europe:—doctrines which, in their pure and genuine form, contained all the spirit, without the extravagance, of his own solitary dreams, and, while they would leave Man in full possession of those blessings of civilization he had acquired, but sought to restore to him some of those natural rights of equality and freedom which he had lost." i. 103.

It is impossible to know when to stop in quoting from these most delightful letters:

"I sit down to write, and hardly know what to say: the sameness of life I lead must make my letters very stupid; though, if it was anywhere near you, it would be a very pleasant one. I begin to long very much to see you. The truth is, that I do not know when I am with you, dearest mother, how necessary you are to me. However, I contrive to be with you a great deal. I take fine long walks, and think of last year: I think of all our conversations—our jokes—my passions when you were troublesome and fidgety: I think of Sophy's 'you may pretend to look melancholy,'—and Lucy's hotcheck, stuffed up in the coach, dying to get out: I think of our pleasant breakfast on the road to Orleans. In short, dearest, I have you with me always;—I talk to you;—I look at your meek face, when you submitted to all my little tyranny. The feel of the air even very often reminds me of you. We had just such a day a few days ago as that when we came to Aubigny, and stopped at the pleasant village. Dearest mother, when shall we have such another walk?—But I won't think of it any more." i. 103—4.

Though Lord Edward had yet taken no conspicuous part in politics, it may be proper here to advert to his conduct on the occasion of the Duke of Leinster going over to the Castle party; and his fine and delicate feelings are admirably shown in a letter to his mother:—

"I have got a letter from uncle Richmond, which was as kind as possible; everything he does only makes one love him the more. He says, in his letter, that, as Leinster is come over completely to government, he can see no reason why I should not now act with my brother and uncle.

In my answer I have agreed with him, and said that I certainly shall; because, upon consideration, though I think Leinster wrong, and told him so beforehand, yet as he *has* taken that part, it would be wrong not to support him—we being certainly his members, and brought in by him with an idea that he might depend upon our always acting with him.

"With all this, however, I am determined not to take anything, lieut.-colonel or anything else. I wish my actions not to be biased by any such motive; but that I may feel I am only acting in this manner, because I think it right. Besides, by my taking nothing, Leinster can the more easily provide for his friends, some of whom he is bound in honour to make provision for. I have written to uncle Richmond to this same purpose, telling how I mean to act, and how I feel, and therefore trust he will not persist in trying to get me a lieut.-colonelcy. I am content as I am;—I am not ambitious to get on. I like the service for its own sake, whether major, lieut.-colonel, or general, it is the same to me. High rank in it, I do not aspire to; if I am found fit for command, I shall get that; if I am not, God knows, I am better without it. The sole ambition I have is to be deserving: to deserve a reward is to me far pleasanter than to obtain it. I am afraid you will all say I am foolish about this; but as it is a folly that hurts nobody, it may have its fling. I will not, however, trouble you any more about all this hanged stuff, for I am tired of thinking of it." i. 115—17.

As the winter was now set in, Lord Edward determined to make a direct journey over land to Quebec; the usual route was circuituous, and not less than 375 miles in length—the direct would be only 175, but it was through an unknown country—through woods, morasses, and over mountains—with-out other guide than the compass. In this arduous undertaking he was successful; and his descriptions of the journey are truly graphic:—

"After making the river, we fell in with some savages, and travelled with them to Quebec; they were very kind to us, and said we were 'all one brother'—all 'one Indian.' They fed us the whole time we were with them. You would have laughed to have seen me carrying an old squaw's pack, which was so heavy I could hardly waddle under it. However, I was well paid whenever we stopped, for she always gave me the best bits, and most soup, and took as much care of me as if I had been her own son: in short, I was quite *l'enfant chéri*. We were quite sorry to part: the old lady and gentleman both kissed me very heartily. I gave the old lady one of Sophia's silver spoons, which pleased her very much.

"When we got here, you may guess what figures we were: we had not shaved or washed during the journey; our blanket, coats, and clovers all worn out and pieced:—in short, we went to two or three houses and they would not let us in. There was one old lady, exactly the 'hôtesse' in 'Gil Blas,' *elle me prit la mesure du pied jusqu'à la tête*, and told me there was one room, without a stove or bed, next a billiard room, which I might have if I pleased; and when I told her we were gentlemen, she very quietly said, 'I da'ye say you are,' and off we went. However, at last we got lodgings in an ale-house, and you may guess eat well and slept well, and went next day, well dressed, with one of Lord Dorchester's aides-de-camp to triumph over the old lady:—in short, exactly the story in 'Gil Blas.'

"We are quite curiosities here after our journey; some think we were mad to undertake it; some think we were lost; some will have it we were starved; in short, there are a thousand lies, but we are safe: and well, enjoying rest and

good eating most completely. One ought really to take these fillips now and then; they make one enjoy life a great deal more.

"The hours here are a little inconvenient to us as yet; whenever we wake at night, we want to eat, the same as in the woods, and as soon as we eat, we want to sleep. In our journey we were always up two hours before day to load and get ready to march; we used to stop between three and four, and it generally took us from that time till night to shovel out the snow, cut wood, cook, and get ready for night; so that immediately after our suppers, we were asleep, and whenever any one wakes in the night, he puts some wood on the fire, and eats a bit before he lies down again; but for my part I was not much troubled with waking in the night." 127-9.

He now determined to visit the upper country, and return to England by descending the Ohio and the Mississippi. He set off on this journey accompanied by the celebrated Indian Chief Joseph Brant. Nothing worth notice appears to have occurred—but on his arrival at New Orleans, he first heard that the lady to whom he was so fondly attached had become the wife of another. Here we must break off our narrative, although we have yet got through little more than the first half of the first volume of this most interesting work.

Sertorius; or, the Roman Patriot. A tragedy. By David Paul Brown. Philadelphia, 1830.

Very little is known of American literature in this country. The best works of the more distinguished writers, inferior only to the best of our own, are indeed circulated here as freely as on the other side of the Atlantic, and are as deservedly esteemed; but of the indigenous, and, as it may be called, characteristic literature, little reaches England—little, indeed, is worth transplanting. But as we took advantage of the publication of Mr. Sprague's *Ode*,[†] and Miss Mitford's *American Stories*,[‡] to say a few words on the subject, we shall on the present occasion allow ourselves a wide range of observation, and sketch in a brief historical notice of American dramatic literature.

American literature, as to quality, is not on the average very distinguished; yet, with regard to quantity, it is quite remarkable in nearly every department, and is daily receiving great additional increase. Viewed in the latter light, the department of the drama presents considerable claims to respect; for, our readers will be perhaps astonished to hear that the number of native tragedies, comedies, farces, &c., falls little short of eighty. To enumerate their names, would require a tongue of brass, but it may not be unacceptable to make mention of a few.

Some of these dramas are founded on events connected with the history of the country in which they were written, though, as the mineralogists say, even these are deficient in certain characteristics of locality: but in general they are open to the same charge, as that to which, as was intimated in our review of Miss Mitford's *Stories*, all American literature is liable, a want of originality and nationality. Thin the Americans have more reason to regret than we have; as the drama, on account of the charm that it derives from scenic representation, is the kind

of composition which is most widely popular, which operates most powerfully in its appeals to the feelings:

*Segnus irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam que sunt oculis subiecta fidibus;*
but we do regret it, for it is from dramatic literature, that the peculiar habits and feelings of a people may with most ease and correctness be ascertained.

The earliest American dramatic writer whose productions were performed upon the stage, was William Dunlop, of New York, who afterwards acquired a greater reputation as a painter than a dramatist. His plays, original and translated—of the former, of which many were written on the spur of the occasion, to celebrate public anniversaries, and are consequently hardly amenable to criticism—amount, we believe, to upwards of forty. The first, and perhaps the best of them, produced in the year 1788, is a comedy called 'The Father of an only Child,' which the author, in his preface, affirms to have been, "at the time of publication, the first and only American play that had come from the American press." This assertion, however, is not correct, as a drama under the title of the 'The Prince of Parthia,' by a Mr. Godfrey, had been printed in Philadelphia in 1765, though it was never performed. 'The Father of an only Child,' is decidedly a very creditable affair—the plot is sufficiently dramatic to sustain an interest throughout; the characters are well drawn and well employed; and the dialogue possesses a terseness, sprightliness and ease not often encountered in the comedies of the present day. The character of a doctor introduced in it, whose name is Tattle, and who "having found there were but two methods of establishing a reputation among physicians, for fear of going wrong, took both;" which methods were, "writing for the newspapers, and challenging or caning all the rest of the faculty," is claimed as original by the author in his preface, where he observes, that "the numerous tribe of kindred characters which my contemporaries of Great Britain have produced, had not, at the period of its birth, an existence. The younger Colman had written none of his comedies; and Reynolds and Morton were unknown." This play has not, we believe, been performed for thirty years.

To waste much time or space upon such nonpareils as 'Xerxes the Great, or the battle of Thermopylae,' 'Alfred the Great,' 'The Mountain Torrent,' 'Odofriede, or the Outcast,' &c. &c. which

One knows not hardly what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal,
and in which the authors seem to have thought it only necessary to put the most extravagant fiction and bombast into the mouths of potentates, and other dignified personages with high-sounding names, to raise themselves to the level of Sophocles and Shakspeare, would be absurd. The following specimen of passion and poetry, is from the "grand melo-drama of The Mountain Torrent." The speaker is about to be "launched into eternity" from the gallows—a situation which may excuse a rather loose arrangement of ideas:—

"Aranza. Villain! I, too, am resolved! I will not sacrifice my daughter! Scared at the horn, the timid stag flies; but, when hard pressed, at bay, he defies the pursuers. I'm old—my life's of little moment; but my daughter, yet a weeping bud, though drooping now beneath the

storm, when the clouds disperse, and the sunbeams play, she will revive! But, oh! the withered flower can never revive again! Once stricken by the tempest,— and so on, after established usage.

But this, though more original, is less passionate, and far less poetical than the following from 'Odofriede, or, the Outcast,' the story of which drama, by the bye, is similar to that of Byron's 'Deformed Transformed':—

Oh, Devil! Devil! rolling
Thunder and the blue fork'd lightnings
Shoot thee to atoms—spotted fevers and
The sallow plague, thy vile bones waste to very
Rottenness—the fends laish you! plunge you
Down in giddy lakes of liquid sulphur,
With the blistering billows, for ever burning
As they roll.

Our readers may not, perhaps, be aware, that there is a species of tragic language which derives its claim to blank-verse, solely from the circumstance of being printed as such; the following extract, from 'The Wreck of Honour,' a tragedy, by Samuel Sawyer, we give as proof:—

[ELVINROSA seated, melancholy—rises, and comes forward.]

ELVINROSA. Ah, cruel Love! how well hast thou repaid me,
In scalding tears and heart-rending sighs, the
Scorn I show'd you! I own myself conquer'd
By thy resistless arm, and bow myself
Most lowly to receive my chains. St. Pierre!
Thy virtue deserves a better fate, but
I'm not mistress of my own. Thus am I
Torn in twy by love and duty. But the
First, too potent, pulls me from the last, &c.

The two best productions of the American Melpomene that we have seen, are the tragedies of 'Marmion' and 'Superstition,' by J. N. Barker, a gentleman resident in Philadelphia, who has there acquired some literary celebrity. The plot of 'Marmion,' as might be inferred, is from the story of Sir Walter Scott's beautiful poem. The method which was taken to render this drama successful, and to which a considerable portion of its success is ascribed by the author himself, furnishes "confirmation strong" of what we heretofore asserted concerning the great propensity of the good people of the United States to bestow their admiration upon English works; for, 'Marmion' was brought out on the Philadelphia stage as a piece written in London, and performed with great applause in the theatres of that metropolis.

The features impressed upon the different characters of the poem by Sir Walter's hand, have been well preserved by the dramatizer; and his dialogue is generally spirited and in good taste. In the following answer of King James to Marmion, in the discussion of the Scotch and English claims, the author acknowledges in his preface, that he had an eye to the events of the late war between England and America, during which the piece was written—in 1812.

JAMES. Not so—not so!
Simple as truth they were, clear as the sun,
But what did England during this our parley,
When, trusting in your faith, resentment slept,
And patience staid your tardy reparation
Of wrongs so long inflicted? It was then—
Even in the day of truce—I burn to tell it—
Murder and pillage, England's constant agents,
Roam'd through the land, and harbour'd in our bays!
Our peaceful border sack'd, our vessels plunder'd,
Our liegemen rob'd, enslaved, and slaughtered.
My lord! my lord! under such injuries,
How shall a free and gallant nation act?
Still lay its sovereignty at England's feet—
Still basely ask a boon from England's bounty—
Still vainly hope redress from England's justice—
Still wait like slaves, and be like slaves denied?
No! by our martyr'd fathers' memories,
The land may sink, but like a glorious wreck,
Still keep its colours flying at the mast.

There is a good deal of vivacity in the following reflections of Blount, when, proceeding to take some liberties with Jannet after a dialogue of apparent encouragement, she locks the door upon him:—

Egad! she's lock'd the door.
Strange girl—strange sex—
Who seem so often like the things they are not.
Few men would e'er offend a virtuous woman,
If she would let us know her. But so plated
Is oft the basest metal, while the best
Will counterfeit, with such a brazen face,
We must bring all to the test.
Well, good night, Cupid!—I'll to my straw,
And dream of feather-beds.

The tragedy of 'Superstition' is more original, and is a play of great power, though deficient in what is called dramatic effect—a merit, however, which is more the result of knowledge derived from constant attendance on theatres, than of talent. It is founded on the history of Goff, one of the regicides—a fierce republican, of course. Our limits will allow us to make but one extract from this play, taken from the charge of Ravensworth, a preacher, against a female, on her trial for witchcraft, but it is a striking and graphic picture:—

RAVENSWORTH. Ye all remember
The terror and despair which fill'd each bosom
When the red comet, signal of Heaven's wrath,
Shook its portentous locks above our heads—
Ye all have seen, and most of ye have felt,
The afflictions which this groaning land is vex'd with:
Our smiling fields wither'd with blight and blast;
The fruitful earth parch'd into eddying dust;
On our fair coast the strewings of wreck'd commerce;
In town and city, fire and pestilence,
And famine, taking their destructive rounds,
Waking the sleepers to their last long sleep;
Our peaceful villages the scene of slaughter,
Echong the savage yell, and frenzied shriek
Of maid and matron, or the feeble wail
Of cradled babes, and lank bed-ridden age.
Shall we forget
That worldly pride and irreligious lightness
Are the provoking sins which our grave synod
Have urged us to root out?—Turn then to her,
Swelling with earth-born vanity—to her,
Who scorns religion and its meek professors;
And to this hour, until compell'd, ne'er stood
Within these holy walls.

Those two dramas—'Marmion' and 'Superstition,' were written some years since, and, we believe, are the only offspring of Mr. Barker's muse; whether he reaped from them an ampler harvest of fame than of profit, or, to use Sancho's phrase, got less "pudding" than "empty praise," we cannot say. His place, however, has been latterly supplied by numerous aspirants to dramatic honours—(we were on the point of writing *dramatic pay*)—whose genius has been roused and stimulated by the liberal offers made by Mr. Forrest and other American Roscii, for the best dramas in which there should be characters adapted to their peculiar powers. These offers operated so powerfully as incentives to exertion, that the unfortunate offerers were almost overwhelmed—like Tarpeia with the bracelets—with the objects of their desire; and the presses of the principal cities of the United States teemed with the results of the efforts of many a more fervent worshipper of Plutus than of Melpomene.

It might be inferred from the time at which the tragedy of 'Sertorius, or, the Roman Patriot' made its appearance, that it ought to be enrolled in the number of those which were elicited by the magic power of the promise of some hundreds of dollars, and, consequently, considered in the light of a "rejected address"; but, from what we have heard of the character and situation of the author, we are induced to believe such is not the case. He is

a lawyer in the city of Philadelphia, who has gained considerable reputation and no small fortune by florid and lengthy discourses at the bar, in which there is generally much more of Shakspeare than of Coke, he being more noted for his devotion to the bard of Avon than to the luminary of the English law. His fondness for the former has at last impelled him to enter the dramatic lists himself, and he has constructed a tragedy which bears evident marks of his having selected "nature's darling" for his prototype. But the "mighty mother" has not been so profuse in her kindness to him as to her favourite, and never addressed him as she did the latter:—

This pencil take, whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year;
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears;
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

We can find no proof in 'Sertorius' of its author's being in possession either of the foregoing pencil or the keys. The vile puns and vulgar slang which he has put into the mouths of the rabble who form a part of the *dramatis personæ* of his tragedy, in imitation of Shakespeare's practice, is an instance how much more frequently imitators copy the defects rather than the beauties of their original; and the idea of making the hero of the piece a veteran Roman warrior, whose whole thought we must suppose to have been wrapped up in the great cause in which he was engaged, the sentimental lover of a girl young enough to be his granddaughter, to whom he makes pretty speeches and says tender things, is in very bad taste. In other respects, the character of Sertorius is tolerably well sustained, and, on the whole, in the present condition of American dramatic literature, the piece is creditable. Some of the scenes are spirited; and the plot is well-managed, advancing as it does to the denouement without much flagging of the interest.

Facts relating to the Punishment of Death in the Metropolis. By Edward Gibbon Wakefield, Esq. London, 1831. Ridgway.

Out of evil comes good; for to Mr. Wakefield's three years imprisonment in Newgate, we are indebted for this judicious, sensible, and serviceable publication. Mr. Wakefield has laboured wisely and diligently to atone for the wrongs he committed, and every good man will be content to forget that he ever erred. The subject of this little volume is certainly one deserving great attention. Unfortunately, those who have the power to make and to amend laws, are little acquainted with the operation of the law on those for whose terror it is set up. Few legislators have ever entered the haunts of vice and infamy merely to collect information: the data on which they act are either dry, crude facts, returns and tables, that report results but never touch on causes—the speculations of philosophers, who build up theories in their own quiet homes—or, the *viva voce* examination of ignorant men, jailers, turnkeys, police-officers, and others—men incapable of deducing principles from the facts with which they may be acquainted. Mr. Wakefield's volume is, therefore, one of great value; he has brought a philosophic mind to bear on a subject where few philosophers could ever speak from experience.

The argument against the punishment of

death, illustrated as it is by so many important facts, is, to us, conclusive; but we are not impartial judges, having long entertained the opinion. The whole code of our criminal laws seems to us to bear on the face of it the stamp of barbarism and ignorance; and to evade its savage penalties we see, every session, judges, jurors, prosecutors, and witnesses, all consenting to equivocate, shuffle, and blink the truth—but let us hear Mr. Wakefield.

"Of 1058 persons committed for trial, 66 were discharged without trial, in consequence of the bills against them being ignored by grand juries, 320 were wholly acquitted, and 208 were convicted of some minor offence, that is, were not convicted of the charge on which they had been committed. The whole number of persons committed on the capital charge, but not capitally convicted, amounts to 607, or considerably more than half the number of those, whom the magistrate saw good reason for sending to trial. The question remains, how many of these persons escaped capital conviction through the neglect or connivance of prosecutors? Facts shall give the answer. * * *

"To the magistrates of London and Middlesex must be awarded the praise of exercising extreme caution in the commitment for trial of persons capitally arrayed before them. If they rarely send an innocent person to trial, the escape from capital conviction of more than half the persons sent to be tried on capital charges, must be owing to some defects in the subsequent proceedings. It will be easy to specify these defects.

"Every criminal lawyer knows, that the evidence which satisfies a magistrate, will, generally, satisfy a grand jury. On this ground, therefore, one might assume that in the 66 cases of bills ignored, part of the evidence which had appeared before the magistrate was kept from the grand jury. But the assumption rests on surer foundation than the caution of magistrates, and the readiness of grand juries to find bills on *ex parte* evidence. The first, the constant thought and occupation of a prisoner on being committed for trial, is to devise means of tampering with his prosecutor, and the witnesses against him. If he have money, and his prosecutor, or the witnesses, be open to bribery, money is not spared. But the most common mode in which prosecutors are bribed, is by the return of property taken from them by violence, stealth, or forgery. * * *

"Another mode of influencing prosecutors, and witnesses, in capital cases, is by appealing to the best feelings of human nature. Many an honest man, who, in the first heat of anger at being robbed, by violence, stealth, or forgery, hurries before magistrate, and by his straightforward evidence sends the criminal for trial, and who would reject, with indignation, any proposal having the shadow of bribery, is found accessible by the tears of a distracted wife and wailing children. When mercy is claimed at his hands, he says, 'No, I will not stop the course of justice;' but reminded, that by lending himself to the due course of law, the wife who addresses him will be made a widow, and the children orphans, he hesitates, and after a struggle between his sense of duty and his feelings of compassion, he determines not to be instrumental in taking the prisoner's life. If he be a religious man, you are almost sure of him; for, in that case, though he may have a stronger sense of the wickedness of perjury, he is impelled to conceal a part of the truth, by an unconquerable repugnance to having any share in what, upon reflection, he considers a judicial murder. I have taken a part in endeavouring to save the lives of many persons charged with forgery: and being now under the obligation to speak

the whole truth, I solemnly declare that, in such cases, the first consideration of those who propose to save a life by tampering with a prosecutor or witness, is *the religious sentiments of the person to be influenced*. General character comes next. If he, on whose word depends the life or death of the prisoner, be a man of honour, and benevolence, just, humane, and generous, though not a religious man, the hope of inducing him to perjure himself is not forlorn—but if, in addition, you know him to hold decided religious opinions, of what Christian sect is quite indifferent, so confidently may you expect to turn him against the law." p. 52-7.

But, continues Mr. Wakefield,—

"The escape of so many capital offenders from capital conviction, must not be wholly attributed to the corruption or weakness of prosecutors and witnesses. Judges and juries are men, like prosecutors and witnesses, and though not, in this case, open to corruption, are not gifted with any peculiar hardness of heart. They constantly nullify the law, by saving from capital conviction, one, whom they believe to be capitally guilty. * * *

"Amongst the prisoners in Newgate, charged with capital, as with other offences, it is a common practice to get up mock trials, in which the men take the respective parts of judge, jury, witnesses, and prisoner at the bar. On these occasions the prisoners show a remarkable knowledge of the temper of judges and juries, being in the habit of acquitting many prisoners whom they know to be guilty of capital offences, and of convicting of some minor offence in a great number of such cases. At one time the mock judge will tell the mock jury, that though the property charged to be stolen has been declared by the mock witness to be worth 10*l.*, such property is only worth 4*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.*, and that they must return a verdict accordingly, in order to save the mock prisoner's life. At other times they make the judge strict in the exercise of his duty, and the jury bent upon giving a false verdict, notwithstanding the judge's admonitions to the contrary; and on these occasions the best managers of a theatre might be envious of the correctness with which the thieves imitate those so common squabbles between judge and jury."

To correct some of these evils, Mr. Wakefield proposes to substitute some milder punishment for death—and that a public prosecutor should be appointed:—

"When one reflects that the only object of punishment is the repression of crime: that, therefore, penalties ought to be so measured as to hold out in each case a stronger motive for abstaining from an offence than any motive for committing it; and that, above all, the power of punishment, as a means for the repression of crime, depends altogether on its certainty,—it does appear absurd, to leave to the pleasure of an individual, in every case what shall be the amount of punishment, if any at all. The wisest legislature would have infinite difficulty in so determining the penalty of each offence as to make punishment as effectual as possible in the repression of crime. The legislature of this country leaves the matter to be settled by individuals, acted upon by all kinds of improper motives—such as anger, laziness, compassion—and, above all, utterly thoughtless of the sole object of punishment. Ought it, then, to be matter of astonishment, that crimes should increase with the increase of population and wealth?" p. 68-9.

"The cost of money, time, and peace of mind, which, according to the law of England, an injured person must incur in bringing to justice the person who has injured him, causes the escape of many notorious criminals. And of this fact not only are the criminals of London perfectly aware, but they dwell on it, and make it

a most important item in their calculations of favourable chances. The fact is not proved by my tables, which, indeed, would lead to a contrary inference, since the proportion of escapes through *total want of prosecution* is very small. The extent of the evil could not be fully ascertained, without comparing the number of crimes committed with the number of criminals prosecuted. Wanting so perfect a mode of estimating this cause of crime, I resorted to inquiries of the criminals themselves, seeking to measure the cause by its effects. One effect, then, of throwing the expense of prosecution on individuals, is a general opinion amongst the most experienced thieves, that but few of the robberies committed in and about London are ever brought to the notice of a magistrate; and that, of these failures of justice, a great many are owing to the injured person's dread of losing money and time and incurring great anxiety, by conducting a prosecution." p. 70-1.

Further, Mr. Wakefield recommends that the law should be altered so as to render its execution less troublesome to the police:—

"The execution of such a law of prevention should be confided to officers of police, having no other occupation, and responsible for that particular service, though under the superintendence of higher authority, so as to furnish the immediate executors of the law with a sufficient motive for doing their duty." p. 14.

And Mr. W. strongly urges it as most desirable to have one of these police-officers constantly resident in each of the London prisons, "for the purpose of obtaining information, and exclusively charged with that service. Nothing would create such dismay amongst the criminals whom it is so desirable to root out of society; and I speak from my own experience of the quantity of information that would be obtained in this way, when I express a belief that such a measure of espionage might be made the means of diminishing crime to an extent, which I abstain from estimating, for fear of startling those who have never reflected on the importance of measures of prevention." p. 32-3.

There seems to us a great deal of good sense in this reasoning: although we fear Mr. W. is too sanguine in calculating the result; and we are sure he pushes his preventive system much beyond reason and justice. Mr. W. asks, why the police do not clear the streets of known thieves? the magistrates say, they have not the power;—but he adds—

"A thief being brought before a London magistrate, on a charge which fails, the magistrate, who knows the charge to be true, and remembers have seen the accused in a similar predicament often before, asks 'Who knows anything of this man?' when a couple of officers step forth and swear that they know him to be a common thief. Instantly the man is committed to the treadmill for three months. * * *

"The importance of some effectual interference with the haunts and the free circulation of known thieves, can scarcely be overrated. If this inquiry had extended to every description of crime, I should have been able to show that of the persons turned out of Newgate at each jail delivery—that is, eight times a year—a great number are practised criminals, whose experience enables them to defeat the law by means of perjured witnesses, compromise with the prosecutor, and corrupting the witnesses for the prosecution. If the laws were efficient, all such persons would be apprehended on leaving the prison, and sent to some penitentiary as notorious thieves. What becomes of them? Leaving the prison, generally penniless, they go straight to their well-known haunts, where, either by notorious thieves like

themselves, who, as such, ought to be in confinement, or by publicans or others, who, as harbourers of thieves, ought to be in prison, as they are supplied with a loan of money for their immediate wants, and with information as to favourable opportunities of clearing the debt by means of robbery. These are, for the most part, persons who commit capital robberies, requiring previous arrangement. Others, such as pickpockets, if they leave the prison sufficiently well dressed, walk fearlessly through the streets, laughing at the police, and in the course of an hour or two acquire the means of passing the night in carousing and low debauchery, at public-houses or other haunts of thieves. One little boy I remember, who, though only twelve years old, was a notorious thief, on the point of leaving the prison for want of prosecution. I asked him what he intended to do. 'Go to work,' was his ready answer. He was committed again some months later, and finally transported for picking the pocket of a police magistrate. When he was recommitted, I asked him what he had done on leaving the prison. He answered—and I have no doubt truly—that he had walked through the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, and Fleet Street, followed by two city officers who knew him, but 'once through the Bar,' said he, 'I went to work, and got twelve handkerchiefs between St. Clement's Church and Charing Cross.' p. 8—13.

Now, the reasoning built on this statement seems specious; but what would be the effect in operation, of pursuing the course advised? A man is tried for picking pockets and acquitted; his imprisonment, then, has been a wrong inflicted against him—no matter; Mr. W. would have him "apprehended on leaving prison, and sent to some penitentiary as a notorious thief." But we will suppose him to be found guilty; the moment he has suffered the penalty of the law, and is released, Mr. W. would have him "apprehended on leaving prison, and sent to some penitentiary as a notorious thief"; the penalty, therefore, for picking pockets would be perpetual imprisonment—at least, this seems to us the operation of the proposed preventive system.

For the breaking up of the known haunts of thieves, we should be content to entrust a wide discretionary power to the magistrates. Of some of these nurseries for crime, Mr. W. mentions some curious and painful particulars:—

"The most numerous class of such seducers consists of experienced thieves, both men and boys, who look out for boys not criminal, to whom they represent the life of a thief as abounding in pleasure. The object of these representations is to obtain instruments, with which experienced thieves may commit robberies with less danger to themselves—participators, whose ignorance of the trade subjects them to be put forward into the most dangerous situations, and to be cheated in the division of the spoil. But words are not the only means of seduction employed in such cases: food is given to the hungry, and all kinds of stimulating enjoyments are presented to others who do not want the means of subsistence. I state what I know to be a fact, in saying, that a practised thief often spends as much as 10*l.* in the course of a few days for the purpose of corrupting a youth, by taking him to playhouses, and other shows, and allowing him to eat and drink extravagantly at pastry-cooks, fruit-shops, and public-houses. The inevitable consequence of such indulgences is the victim's discontent with his previous mode of life; and when this feeling predominates, he is considered ripe for receiving without alarm the suggestions of his seducer. * * * In very many cases women are wholly maintained by young thieves, whom they

will dress in a frill and a pinafore to appear at the bar of the Old Bailey. But such boys as these, however young, are of the class of seducers, being already practised thieves. Where women are employed as seducers they are but the instruments of practised thieves—of those whom the law designates as 'notorious thieves,' and with whom, notwithstanding, the Police seldom interfere, unless they be taken in the act of robbery. From this statement it will be seen, that one of the most effectual means of preventing robberies would be an active, watchful, and constant interference with the measures pursued by thieves for increasing the number of their own body.

"Another class of seducers consists of both men and women, but principally of old women, the keepers of fruit-stalls and small cake-shops, which stalls and shops they keep but as a cloak to their real trade,—that of persuading children to become thieves, and receiving goods stolen by children. The methods of seduction pursued by these people are for the most part similar to those adopted by the class mentioned above; but they are distinguished from the thieves by some peculiarities. Residing always in the same spot, and apparently engaged in an honest calling, they have superior opportunities of practising on children, who, until known to them, were perfectly well disposed. Several instances came to my knowledge of boys, the sons of decent tradespeople, carefully educated, apprenticed to some trade, and with every prospect of leading an industrious and honest life, who were seduced by persons of the class in question. The course of seduction is about as follows.

"The child buys fruit and cakes at the stall or shop, of which the keeper takes pains to form a familiar acquaintance with him, by conversation, artful it must be called in this case, but such as is used by all good teachers in order to gain a pupil's confidence. He passes the shop one day without money, and is invited to help himself upon trust. If he yield to the first temptation, it is all over with him. Considering his previous acquaintance with the tempter, it is almost a matter of course that he yields. Once in debt he continues to indulge himself without restraint, and is soon involved far beyond his means of repayment. Where is the Police to save him? No act of robbery has been committed, and the Police therefore is absent. Probably his parents or master have impressed on him that it is wrong to run in debt. He is already criminal in his own eyes. Instead of confessing his difficulty to his friends, he thinks of them with fear. All his sensations are watched by the wretch, who now begins to talk slightly of harsh parents and task-masters, and insinuates her own superior affection. By degrees, more or less slow according to the degree of her art and the excitability of the boy's temperament, she gets a complete mastery of his mind. At length she guides him to the first step in crime, by complaining of want of money, perhaps threatening to apply to his parents, and suggesting that he may easily repay her by taking some trifling article from his master's shop. The first robbery committed, the chances are a thousand to one that the thief will sooner or later be transported or hanged. He goes on robbing his master or perhaps his parents: the woman disposes of the stolen property, giving him only a moderate share of the money obtained: she introduces him to other boys, who are following the same career: he soon learns to prefer idleness and luxuries to labour and plain food; and, after a while, becoming an expert thief, deserts his original seducer, with whom he is no longer willing to share the fruits of his plunder, connects himself with a gang, probably takes a mistress, and is a confirmed robber, on the high road to Botany Bay or the gallows." p. 16—22.

We think the public greatly indebted to Mr. Wakefield for the zeal and ability with which he has prosecuted this inquiry: and we trust his labours will not be thrown away.

The Life and Adventures of Nathaniel Pearce, written by himself, during a Residence in Abyssinia, from 1810 to 1819; together with Mr. Coffin's Account of his Visit to Gondar. Edited by J. J. Halls, Esq.

[Third Notice.]

We shall now conclude our notice of this entertaining work. The powers assumed by the church, and the infamous abuse of them, remind us of the dominant days of the Roman priesthood:—

"The Ras sent to the different chiefs of Hamazan, who had been concerned in plundering the Nayib's districts, to desire them to return the cattle; and they agreed, for the sake of the Abuna, to restore two thousand five hundred, but no more. This did not satisfy the Nayib, who immediately put the Abuna into close confinement, which treatment so much hurt the patriarch, who had been informed that the cause of it was occasioned by his children, the Abyssinians, that he sent a priest, who bore the cross which he commonly held, and his silver staff, to declare to the Ras and the whole of his subjects, that he had taken their Christianity from them; that they were to consider themselves as Mahomedans; and that they were not to administer the holy sacrament, or even open a church, till they had returned everything which the Nayib declared to be his right. This so much alarmed the Abyssinians, that an army was immediately sent under the command of Blitingatore Woldi Gorgis, to compel the people of Hamazan to return every head of cattle they had taken; and, by the obstinacy of the Nayib, they were compelled to replace what cattle had died since their capture, by accident, and to return his districts to him, on oath not to take them from him again when he had once permitted the patriarch to pass. When this business was settled, he also demanded five hundred dollars, as a standing or original custom on the passage of the patriarch through his dominions, which was soon paid, and mules and attendants were sent to conduct the patriarch from Massowa to Chelicut.

"The patriarch, having soon learned that I had a good house and a garden at Chelicut, sent a priest to the Ras, desiring him to have me turned out, and to let the house be consecrated by a number of priests, and everything to be made ready for his reception. The old Ras was disconcerted at this demand, and told the messenger to return with all speed, to acquaint the Abuna that he could not attempt to turn a Christian out of his own premises, which had been completed at his own expense and labour, and who was at that time lying on his bed under the affliction of a painful disease; but that he should have in readiness the best house in Chelicut, which formerly belonged to his brother Manasse. The messenger found the Abuna at Taranta, on his way to Arli, and on telling him the Ras's reply to his message, he flew into a rage, and ordered Abba Guebra Mariam, the head priest, who had been sent to conduct him from Massowa, to go immediately to the Ras and inform him, that if I was not immediately turned out of my house he was no longer a Christian, and that he would not come to Chelicut unless his order was obeyed; at the same time telling the Ras that I was no Christian, but a Feringee, an enemy to the Blessed Virgin, and thought no more of the mother of God than any other female: and that I was a spy sent to find out a road to conduct an army into the country of his children and overthrow them. He said several other things of this nature to

set the people against me, but still it had no effect upon the old Ras, who sent word back that he expected a patriarch to be more merciful, and even to forgive those who had striven to hurt him, instead of behaving cruelly to an individual whom he had never seen, and who was at the same time a stranger in the land, like himself. This enraged the patriarch to such a degree, that he beat the messenger with the cross so desperately that he broke it, and immediately issued an order, that throughout the whole territories of Ras Welled Selassé no church should be opened and no sacrament should be administered, even to those in their last hours, and that no priest should attend the burying of the dead till I was turned out of my premises. Many thousands, who had assembled to receive his blessing on his road, were obliged to remain at Arli, where he had been waiting since the first message, till numbers were almost starved for want of food, having taken but little provision with them, as they expected to return to their homes immediately.

"The hard-hearted patriarch had no mercy on those poor creatures, who were obliged to sell their shields, knives, sheepskin dress, and their rags, for support.

"The Ras heard the whole, but was unwilling to give way till he was even threatened by the priests from all parts of the country. Several of them, of superior rank, waited on him and warned him of the curse of the Abuna, from which there was no redemption. At last the good old man sent his favourite eunuch, Azgas Gabri Yasous, to tell me the whole of the matter, and that it would be better for me to be carried from my own house to another good one, or even to his own. I replied that I thanked him kindly, but, as I had built my own house, and fully deserved it by my own merit since I had been in his service, I was determined to die where I then lay. The messenger soon returned, telling me that my father, the Ras, cried, and with tears running from his eyes, said, 'Tell him he must comply.' I immediately ordered my servants to dig my grave on the floor, close to the couch I then lay on, and place a piece of new white cloth for my *mugganaz*, the only coffin of an Abyssinian. While this was doing I well loaded every gun and pistol I had in the house, and laid them on each side of me. Next day the Ras sent Shum Temben Aversaw and Ito Russo, two great chiefs, the former his own nephew, to endeavour to get me out of the house without using violence. Mr. Coffin was also ordered to attend them, and to intreat me to comply. On their approach to the house, my servants told me, and I ordered that no one should be let in but Mr. Coffin; who, knowing my grief perfectly well, said nothing on the subject farther than telling me that the two chiefs were at the gateway. I told my servant to let those chiefs only come to the door, to speak to me if they wished it, but to let no soldier into the yard with them. On their coming to the door, which I sat opposite to, they began to speak to me in a friendly manner, and attempted to come within the door, till I called out 'No nearer!' Ito Russo then stepped slowly a little nearer, upon which I pointed a pistol at him, saying, 'My friend Russo, if you were my own father I would shoot you, if you come a span farther.' On this he said, 'If I had ever been any other but a friend to you, you might have shot me,' and he returned with Aversaw to the Ras.

"Next day the high-priest, Allicar Barhe, with his whole train of monks, came, and after many civil words had passed from them all, expressing their sorrow for my malady, they began to intreat me to submit, and let myself be carried to the house the Ras had given me in Chelicut. I always had had great respect for Allicar Barhe, for which reason I explained my grievances to him in a cool manner, observing that I thought

it an act against all the feelings of Christianity, for a Christian to be robbed by those under whose protection he had placed himself; and that I thought it better to die in my own house, than be the occasion of some poor fellow-creature being turned out of his, as they said I might have any house in Chelicut, for I knew the Ras would not pay for it, but take it by force. At last they took my wife into the garden, and told her what a curse she, as well as myself, lay under, by not obeying the commands of the Abuna, who had the same right to reverence as Christ, whose representative he was. This struck my poor silly wife with such terror that she came to me in a flood of tears, begging me to comply immediately, and, finding it impossible to disoblige her, I consented to be moved as soon as I could procure another habitation. She accordingly went in search of one, and found respectable premises very near to our own, at fifty pieces of salt yearly, to which I agreed, and began immediately to get my cattle and household furniture removed." ii. 54-60.

The Ras, with his army and all the priests, went out to meet the Abuna. The mountains around Chelicut were covered with assembled thousands:-

"Gangs of priests and monks, some in white and some in yellow dresses, where seen in the different quarters, while thousands of other orders, dressed in their sheepskins, kept moving along the sides of the mountains, apparently like large flocks of sheep. Numerous chiefs, with their armies, held different situations on the heights, all moving in confusion, their lances glittering in the air; and the manner in which they strove, by shoving against each other, to advance as near as they could to the patriarch, appeared like a close battle: numbers were trodden to death." ii. 60-1.

The Abuna was too well content with the lodgings and fare provided for him, to come out and disperse the people, by giving them his blessing; even the next morning he did not appear until ten o'clock, and on mounting "a small height, which had been erected for that purpose at the door of the house, he appeared quite intoxicated, and made a most tremendous noise. He struck with fury at several of his attendants, in doing which he broke his cross, and indeed his madness quite frightened the people. After a long deliberation, he held up another cross, which had been brought him, and told the multitude to disperse, saying he had given them his blessing, but could confirm no new altars, priests, or deacons, or give Christian consolation to any who had not as yet received it from former Abunas, till he had rested himself a week." ii. 62.

The Ras, who appears to have been a very honest well-meaning man, had sent to Pearce, on quitting his home, to say, that as the Abuna had not demanded his garden, he would have a partition built up to divide it from the house. Pearce accordingly sent two lame men, that he had been accustomed to employ, to build a hut in the garden, and look after it; but

"The Abuna had seen from his room into the garden, and spying the almost ripe grapes, English cabbages, &c., the only ones in that part of the world, he inquired whose they were, and being told they were mine, he immediately ordered his attendants to break down part of the wall, and, as soon as he had cleared a passage, he flew into the garden. My poor lame men came to throw themselves at his feet, but he, with his wand, began to beat them without mercy, calling them 'devils of Feringees,' and he ordered the hut to be thrown down and taken to his kitchen for fire-wood. He took several

turns at beating my poor lame men, till they cried out for mercy, not being able to run away from him; when satisfied, or rather tired, of thrashing them, he ordered his servants to push them out.

"I was very much provoked at all this, though more at the poor fellows being beaten so barbarously than at the loss of my garden; however, I knew it was only a folly to complain: but the old Ras, who had heard of the act, went immediately to the Abuna, who for some time denied him admittance: however, after keeping him seated, in the midst of his household, at the door, for a quarter of an hour, he was suffered to have an audience of the holy Abuna, who first spoke to him in a very civil manner, telling him he was extremely sorry he had been kept at the door so long, but it being his hour of prayers, he hoped he would think nothing of it. The old Ras also paid him the best compliments he could, hoping to keep him in good humour, but all to no purpose; for, after the Ras had desired the interpreter to inform him that the garden he had taken was mine, and entirely made at my own expense and labour, and sown even with the seeds from my native country, which I had brought with me, and that I had given up my house, which was also my own, though afflicted with disease, he begged of his holiness to let the garden remain for my comfort. The interpreter had scarcely got through half of what he was desired to say, when the Abuna flew into the greatest rage, struck him on the mouth, ordered him never to exercise the office of interpreter again, but to quit his premises immediately. The old Ras came away much dissatisfied; the anger he felt, and his fear of showing it, quite overcame him. He said, 'The tongue of that Abuna has speared me to the heart; I cannot resent, I am bound by my religion to bear it; still I think we are rather a weak-minded people.'" ii. 63-5.

The Abuna had not yet done with his persecution of poor Pearce:-

"I had nothing now left," he continues, "but a piece of cultivated ground, well known in that part of the country, by the name of Wogarte, famous for two crops of any kind of grain a year, besides a meadow, very near to my former house, which produced fine grass the whole of the year. I had allowed a load to be cut for the Abuna's own mule, from the day he arrived; however, he was ashamed to demand the meadow from me without a quarrel, and, hearing that it had been given me by the Ras, about nine years before, for some particular act during my servitude, he went cautiously to work. He ordered the whole of the cattle he had, which had become pretty numerous, besides the mules and asses of his attendants, to be turned into the meadow to graze; after this was done, the keeper of the grass came to inform me, and I sent him to Mr. Coffin, with whom I had shared its produce from the time he stopped with me in the country. Mr. Coffin first came to me, to consult what was best to be done; I being too ill to quit my bed, it was agreed that he should take our people, and go and turn all the animals, except the Abuna's own mule, out of the premises, and pound them, as we had often done to others, and as others had done to our cattle when found on their land; which is a common practice in Abyssinia as well as in other countries. In a short time Mr. Coffin sent our people, with ten or twelve mules and asses belonging to the Abuna's attendants, while he himself stayed to drive the Abuna's own mule from grazing. The Abuna could see the whole from the canes round the upper floor of my old house, and sent people to bring back the cattle in pound; but I told them they should not be let out till two pieces of salt were paid for every mule and one piece for each ass, according to the rules of the district. On this they wanted to take them by

force, but some of my old faithful servants remained to beat them out of the yard.

" Mr. Coffin happened to have his gun in the meadow, purposely to shoot snipes, when the Abuna, seeing him with it, sent his priests immediately in all directions, to stop the service of the churches, which was then just beginning, it being the Saturday before the great Lent, and that and the following day being two great days of festival. He also gave orders that no Christians should eat, drink, break wood, or draw water, or even converse with each other, neither should any of the churches be opened, until his orders were executed, which were, that Pearce and Coffin, Feringees, Cafires, &c. &c., should be stripped naked and flogged three times round the market-place of Antalo, after which, if they survived, they were to be sent into the territories of the Galla and to be left to their mercy: in the first place, because Pearce had pounded his mules and beat his servants, who, though they are great blackguards, are esteemed sacred people; and secondly, because Coffin had come with a gun, with intent to shoot him.

" The moment the poor old Ras heard of the order, he was much alarmed, and, ill as he was, he rose immediately, buckled on his knife, and instantly dispatched some soldiers to Mr. Coffin, to get him into the same house with me, and to protect us from any of the superstitious people who might do us harm, under the idea that they were executing the orders of their Abuna, while he himself mounted his mule and rode to the Abuna's premises, Waxum Comfu, Chellica Comfu, and every chief then at court, following him. The Abuna ordered his gates to be shut, and refused to give ear to anything they said, or had to say, till his orders should be executed. A multitude of people sat round his house for several hours, entreating an audience, but to no purpose; at length Waxum Comfu stood up, and made a speech in a loud voice, on our behalf. He said: 'All who consider themselves Christians may be assured that it is better to fast a few days, or even to die with hunger, than barbarously to abandon their companions. Though not of the same nation as ourselves, they have partaken of our calamities and of our pleasures; they have fought our enemies boldly with us; they have run the same risk of destruction as ourselves, and for our country. The conduct of Pearce when in Edjow cannot escape the memory of any of us who were there, though many years ago; those that cannot go two days without sustenance, for the sake of such comrades, are no soldiers; and those who seek to do them harm, in compliance with the orders of the Abuna, are cowards.'

" This speech broke up the assembly, while hundreds of the soldiers cried out, 'We don't know what the Abuna means by forbidding us to eat: does he wish no one to live but himself? This he might have comprehended, had he understood the language. Those of a superstitious disposition tasted no food for two whole days, though the *wotadas* or soldiers rarely fast, and were the less disposed to do so now, when they understood that the Abuna had killed two cows, and was feasting with his followers. The poor old Ras took nothing whatever; the cows that had been killed were totally devoured by the soldiers.

" Some of the priests and peasants wished the Abuna's orders to be put into execution. There having been, in the afternoon of Saturday, a tremendous storm of hail, the stones of which, as large as nutmegs, had cut down the young corn, pepper, and other crops, by the river side, and killed some cattle, the ignorant said that it was a visitation of God for not obeying the Abuna's commands, while others declared it was a sign of God's wrath at their folly for starving themselves on account of the anger of a man who could not live without victuals himself. Many

opinions were passed, but none dared attack us, as we had not only a good guard to watch over our safety, but were well prepared to defend ourselves.

" In this suspense the whole population waited till Monday, the first day of the fast Abba Som, [great Lent,] when very early the Ras, attended by all his chiefs, marched up to the Abuna's premises. At first the gates were shut against them, but the soldiers of the Ras beginning to climb over the walls, making a noise, and disregarding the Abuna, he began to be fearful, and gave audience to the Ras. The whole of the great men insisted upon admittance, and burst into the gateway; the Abuna appeared quite sullen, and had not a word to say through fear. At length Waxum Comfu, in the name of the Ras, and by means of an interpreter, asked him if he had consented to forgive Pearce and Coffin, saying, 'We have fasted for them, when we ought to have been feasting, and we would willingly do more for their good, such is the respect we have for these two men; and cannot you,' said he, as he stooped to kiss his feet, 'forgive them for your children's sake?' It was some time before the Abuna broke silence; at length he said, 'How can I forgive the wretches who used to flog and salt the backs of my countrymen, when they had power in Egypt?' A very old priest, then with the Ras, interrupted the assembly by saying, 'Abuna, let me speak one word in your presence; I am an old man and as well learned as any of my countrymen. Our religion teaches us to be merciful and to forgive our enemies, to seek no revenge, but, on the contrary, when any one smites one cheek, to turn the other that he may smite that also.' The Abuna ordered the old man to be turned out, and the scull-cap torn from his head, and declared him displaced from the priesthood for presuming to teach the Abuna.

" The whole assembly remained silent, expecting the Abuna's answer to the first petition of Waxum Comfu, but no answer was given more than to ask, by means of the interpreter, why the people did not disperse. This made the whole of the chiefs begin to get warm, and a murmuring and confusion arose. Chellica Comfu behaved very insolently, as they termed it, to the Abuna, by telling him to recollect that he, as well as themselves, had some of Ham's blood in them, while Pearce and Coffin were the pure offspring of Shem or Japhet. Several others spoke very roughly on the subject, till at last the poor old Ras broke silence, and, with tears in his eyes, said, 'Listen to me for the last time, Abuna; I am well acquainted with several white people, whom I have seen in this country. Though I know the temper of my own countrymen best, I compare the white people to a copper or metal pot, and the Abyssinians I compare to a thick earthen pot. A metal pot will boil with very little fire, and is cool instantly when taken from the fire; white people are soon enraged, but are soon brought to good humour again. An earthen pot takes a deal of wood and fire to make it boil, and when it once does boil, there is great difficulty in keeping it from boiling over, and even when off the fire it boils a considerable time. We Abyssinians are like unto this earthen pot; we do not soon collect anger, nor does it soon depart from us when collected.' With that the old man rose, and the whole assembly dispersed; but they had not got far, when a proclamation was issued that the Abuna had forgiven Pearce and Coffin, and that the people might attend to their regular occupations." ii. 68-76.

Largely as we have extracted from this work, innumerable passages yet remain, illustrative of manners and customs, which we would willingly have transferred here; but we have already exceeded our customary

limits, and must therefore conclude with a general recommendation of the work, as one of great interest.

Minstrel Melodies. No. I. By H. B., author of "Field Flowers," "The Garland," &c. London, Sherwood & Co.

We have not seen such a bundle of ballads since we squandered our odd halfpence with the old woman that, years long since, made her daily display on the walls of Richmond House. Was it our fault or Mr. Brandreth's that we overlooked them? We are in the habit of seeing infinitely worse songs, printed with broad margins, open types, and on wire-wove hot-pressed paper; yet Mr. Brandreth seems to have imagined that we could discover the merit of his little collection in a dingy *fourpenny* stitched pamphlet. It was by the merest chance that we ever opened it. As a specimen of the contents we shall give the following:—

Come, give us a song—must we always be weeping,
Claims sorrow for ever the young and the free!
Though dark o'er the valley the storm is now sweeping,
The rainbow, ere long, shall gild woodland and sea.

E'en thus the sweet sounds of the lyre shed a glory,
A halo around some wild tale of the past;
And mournful and sad must indeed be the story,
If song no bright sun-ray around it may cast.

The wine-cup of Hebe, with nectar o'erflowing,
Avails not where Cupid hath once fixed his dart:
Where bosoms are beating and young cheeks are glowing,
The muse and the minstrel alone touch the heart.

Then give us a song—if it but for a minute
Enlivens the soul that with sorrow is rife,
Oh! then like the first kiss of love, there is in it
A spell that outweighs all the day-dreams of life.

The following is right spirited and light hearted:—

Away with the hypocrite frown of the Prude,
"The greater the Sinner, the greater the Saint;"
When the colours of Art upon Nature's intrude,
We but the false traits of Humanity paint.
Why may banish the mirror that dares to express
The failings we scorn of ourselves to disclose,
But the cheek's traitor-blush is still free to confess
We all love a pretty girl "under the rose."

The soldier who battles his rights to maintain,
Or find on the red field of glory a grave;
The Sailor, whose vessel rides proud o'er the main,
The champion of Freedom, the lord of the wave—
When back to the land of their birth they return,
On Beauty's fond bosom sink down to repose:
The shorter Love's taper, the brighter 'twill burn,
And all love a pretty girl "under the rose."

Some love on the canvass each tale to rehearse,
Some bid the cold marble leap forth into life;
One listens, entranced, to the magic of verse,
One speeds where the wild harp with music is rife;
But all own of Beauty the spell and the power—
All turn where the gates of her temple unclos—
For, though but the nymph of some oglantine bower,
We all love a pretty girl "under the rose."

With Burgundy fill, fill the goblet again,
Let the glasses bluse up to the brim;
We have filled to "the banner that floats on the
main."

And our King—we have filled them to him.
But there yet is a name, by each Briton held dear,
And may life's darkling cares ne'er distress her;
Long, long may she live, a fond people to cheer—
Here's a health to the Queen! God bless her!

I have strayed thro' the land of the myrtle and vine,
I have sung 'neath the olive of Spain;
But the oak of old England and Freedom be mine—
There fill up the goblet again.
To Woman, dear Woman, still pledge me the toast,
And may Venus and Hymen care for her;
So here's to the Sex's proud glory and boast—
Here's a health to the Queen! God bless her!

With a little more attention, a little less modesty, with Bishop as composer, and Power for publisher, Mr. Brandreth would stand a fair chance of beating all the sentimentalists of the day. But it would ruin a dozen reputations to publish a collection of ballads at so low a price.

The New Estate; or, the Young Travellers in Wales and Ireland. By the Author of 'Portugal.' London: Harvey & Darton.

THIS is an agreeable little book, in which there is a good deal of information, and many anecdotes that will probably please the readers for whom it is intended. We are not personally fond of this kind of production—the anecdotes and statements being so loosely strung on the narrative, that children are not likely to retain much information, and there is a chance of their disliking after-information given in a graver and more continuous form. We extract the following, for the purpose of making a slight comment on the subject:—

"Examining the lives of those whose productions in music, painting, and poetry delight us, and you will find a long catalogue of sorrows, of disappointed hopes, unbridled passions, improvidence that led to want, and mortification sometimes ending in madness. Few and rare have been the exceptions; and though, perhaps, it may be difficult to account for it, yet such are the facts. A desire of knowledge first led to sin; and it seems as if some punishment is still attached to all those gifted with superior abilities."

"The truth is, my dear enthusiastic daughter, that the most renowned geniuses have been slaves to their passions, seeking gratification in the lowest scenes of intemperance, indulging every angry passion and vindictive feeling, and sharing amply in all the frailties to which flesh is heir. The better moments to which you so justly allude, are not so much derived from the intellect, as from the heart, and the more sensible influence of the Supreme Being at such times. Genius and religion have been rarely found in unison, till death drew near. I am sorry to grieve you, but I earnestly desire that you should see facts in a just point of view. Yours is an age of romantic expectation. This world, my dear child, is not formed for such feelings; and if you desire to act your part wisely and happily in it, repress, as much as possible, your imagination." p. 12—14.

These are hardly fair, and not wise statements to make to a child. There is no need to deify talent, any more than wealth, physical strength, or any other property, the value of which depends on the use made of it. An ardent, intelligent child will not be argued out of admiration of talent; and, taking an enlarged census of clever persons, we fancy the majority would be found quite as worthy and respectable, as an equal census of stupid ones, with the addition of being more agreeable. Let children be impressed with a just sense of the moral responsibility induced by the possession of talent, and no harm will follow their admiration of it. We must also protest against Mr. Gray's advice, "if you desire to act your part wisely and happily, repress, as much as possible, your imagination." This is a very common sentiment with persons who are ignorant of the real nature and the high use to which this lofty faculty may be applied. One great error in education is, that a single power is cultivated too exclusively; the fruit is all borne on one bough, so that the same mind often exhibits wealth and penury. Let the understanding be cultivated along with the imagination, and there need be neither unhappiness nor misconduct.

Tales from Shakespeare. By Charles Lamb. 5th edition. Ornamented with engravings, from designs by Harvey. London, 1831. Baldwin & Cradock.

If we had leisure, we should certainly have availed ourselves of this volume, to have said a few modest words on the genius of Charles Lamb;—as it is, we shall allow a *fifth edition* to serve as apology for doing no more than an-

nounce the publication, and commanding it as one of the very best works that ever issued from the press for the delight and instruction of young people. Mr. Lamb, who has fortunately lived to reap the late harvest of his fame, would, perhaps, be indifferent to our good or ill word, and therefore we the less regret our compelled silence: but Mr. Harvey, whose pencil illustrates this edition, is a younger man, and may value the opinion of one whom circumstances call a critic, even beyond its worth; and we owe it to truth to acknowledge, that we hardly know his equal among living artists. Like Stothard, he is content to labour for the booksellers, and to scatter his fine thoughts over the humblest works; but we never take up a volume illustrated by him that we have not to express our admiration of his talents. In animals, he is equal to Landseer; his illustrations of the Zoological Gardens are unrivaled for truth—and truth in such a work is power and beauty; so, too, the vignettes are quite admirable for delicacy and fancy; and, if some of the illustrations in this work, and in the 'Children in the Wood' particularly, be not historical pictures, we know not what the words mean. The world are too apt to value artists by their assumptions and pretensions—they are only now doing reluctant justice to Stothard; and when Mr. Harvey, like that excellent old man, shall have outlived the yearnings of a young heart, and grown cold and callous to admiration, they will be hunting after sketches and scraps from his pencil, as they are now doing for those of Bonington, who, ten years since, and when living, was hardly heard of. Of Mr. Harvey, we know nothing—absolutely nothing; we cannot, therefore, say how far he is master of the mechanical part of his art, or capable of embodying his own fine thoughts in colour: but his genius has nothing to do with this; and we had rather have, among our home treasures and for self-enjoyment, one of his beautiful miniature sketches, than whole acres of the spoiled canvas that we often see at exhibitions.

Pietas Privata. The Book of Private Devotion; a Series of Prayers and Meditations, with an Introductory Essay, chiefly from the Writings of Hannah More. 3rd Edition. London, 1831. Nisbet.

Daily Communions, Spiritual and Devotional, on Select Portions of the Book of Psalms. By the Right Rev. George Horne, Bishop of Norwich. London, 1831. Nisbet.

WORKS that need no commendation from us—but we may say, that, though as compact as a box of Bramah's pens, and not much larger, they are beautifully got up, and with good-sized readable type.

The Picturesque Pocket Companion to Margate. London, 1831. Kidd.

STIFLED as we are in this hot dusty town in these reforming times, it is consolatory to meet with a volume like this, which bubbles through every line about fresh air and sea-bathing, the boarding-houses, libraries, pier, jetty, and lighthouse, after the established usage of a watering-place, and illustrates all that is said with one hundred and twenty engravings!

The Cabinet of Youth; containing Narratives, Sketches, and Anecdotes for the instruction and amusement of the Young. Edited by the Authors of the 'Odd Volume.' 1831. Edinburgh, White & Co.; London, Whittaker & Co.

THE joint editors of this work have not had a very laborious office: the book is a mere compilation of anecdotes, tales, &c. cut bodily out of other publications, without one word of comment;—even the Preface is but two extracts, one from Miss Edgeworth, and the other from 'Ganganelli's Letters,' strung together by a few

connecting words. The only praise, therefore, to which they can be entitled, must depend on the judgment shown in the selection; and this appears to have been made without much consideration, from such works as accident threw in the way of the compilers.

THE MAGAZINES.

It is only upon extraordinary occasions that we can notice the magazines—but, the *Englishman* having changed its proprietors, and half-a-dozen sheets of the first number having been sent to us, we think it but just to do the young publisher, Mr. Moxon, the service to acknowledge that they are every way worthy the proud title of the work. There is a capital leading article in reply to the *Quarterly*. 'An Essay,' by Elias, and more than one by his friend Charles Lamb; Papers by the Authors of 'Atherton,' 'The O'Hara Tales,' 'Spain in 1830,' and others; Poems by Thomas Hood, Leigh Hunt, Alfred Tennyson, Motherwell, Hallam, and John Clare. If its political rival, the *Metropolitan*, mean to outdo the promise of this number, it must be stirring and quickly.—We have not yet seen either *Fraser's* or the *Monthly*.—*Blackwood's* is a double number, with a Poem, by Professor Wilson, which is well entitled to be considered as a separate publication, rather than as a paper in a periodical; and when a little more at leisure, we shall so treat of it.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

TRANSLATIONS FROM KÖRNER.—No. IV.

THE POET'S FATHER-LAND.

[This is, perhaps, of all the LYRE AND SWORD, my favourite, though amongst many of these noble poems a choice is almost impossible. In this song (as indeed in all I have yet attempted to translate), to preserve at once the rhythm and the vigour of Körner, where particular words in German fit particular places, and where the energy of the original will not allow a single thought to be lost or changed without injury—is a task of no small difficulty. Here, as before, I have tried to be faithful to my author, at every sacrifice.]

Where is the Poet's Father-land?

Where, in pure flames, high spirits towered,
Where garlands on the fair were showered,
Where manly hearts in peace outpoured,
Glowed for all holy things to stand;

There was my Father-land!

Which is the Poet's Father-land?

Now, with her children's corpses round her,
She weeps beneath the foes that bound her;
The land of the oak you once had found her!
Mine own free land! the GERMAN LAND!

That was my Father-land!

Why weeps the Poet's Father-land?

Because her people's nobles, quaking
At a mad tyrant's rage outbreaking,
Crouch, all their holy vows forsaking!
Because her cries no ears command;

This weeps my Father-land!

Whom calls the Poet's Father-land?

She calls upon the Gods uncaring,
With the hot tear-floods of despairing,
For freedom!—for a saviour daring!
For the avenger's scourging hand,

These calls my Father-land!

What will the Poet's Father-land?

The tyrant's hosts she yet will shatter,
Will, from her soil, the blood-hounds scatter;
She will have free sons gazing at her,
Or dig them free graves in her sand!

This will my Father-land!

And hopes the Poet's Father-land?

In her just cause she hopes, unshaken,
Hopes her true sons will yet awaken,
Hopes on God's vengeance, though forsaken,
And her avenger forth shall stand!

This hopes my Father-land!

W. B. C.

Liverpool, July 1831.

A PROPHETY FULFILLED!

Penzance, 25th July, 1831.

Sir,—We have in our part of the world a saying or prophecy of great antiquity, ascribed (I know not how truly) to our countryman Merlin. It runs thus:

England shall bee ryghte gladdie I wotte,
In that same years queu Jan o' Groatte
Bee to the Londen Ende ybroughte.

Now, Sir, when I see your Journal announced to be sold for *fourpence*, thereby justly claiming, as it were, the title of *John o' Groat*, and when I can testify from my own knowledge that it is really "*to the Land's End ybrought*," and when I consider further the *ryghte gladdene* that England hopes to experience this year from the great measure now before parliament, I cannot help thinking the above prediction to be at the present time in course of fulfilment.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant and constant reader,

ARTHUR TREVYLLIAN.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF LEARNING AND SCIENCE IN SPAIN.

LETTER V.

Madrid.

In the letters heretofore sent, I have given you an account of the state of Public Education, of the Universities, of Science, and of the Scientific Institutions, as they exist at present. I have at times incidentally commented on these subjects, but shall now proceed to do so at some length; and twenty-five years' residence and experience may entitle my opinion to some weight.

I have spoken of the miserable and degraded state of the universities since 1824, when almost all professors distinguished for learning and ability were dismissed; and new ones, who had the good fortune to be too insignificant to be feared, were appointed to succeed them. It was unfortunate for the Apostolicals, that they could not also dismiss all the young men who had been students under the constitutional government; imbued with liberal ideas, they would not bow the knee to ignorance and illiberality—and they treated the new professors, and their slavish doctrines, with a contempt too marked to escape the cunning watchfulness of the ruling powers. At Salamanca, where there is no amusement of any kind to divert the minds of the students, and where they commonly live in lodgings, and consequently comparatively at liberty, they formed themselves, as was apparent enough, into parties, and, as is now known, into a secret society. In 1826, the government suspected what was going on; and finding that ordinary measures were wholly insufficient, the Council of State was three times consulted on the subject, and, after many meetings, it was determined to suppress the university altogether. Ferdinand, however, had more wisdom than the council, and foresaw that the consequences of so doing would be, to scatter the students through the other universities, and thus infect them all; but in July last, when the French revolution still more alarmed the government, an accident put in their possession some papers, by which it was discovered that Salamanca was the headquarters of a secret society, which had very extensive ramifications over the kingdom, and the most active measures were immediately taken to find out the parties; but, so well were the plans organized, that to this hour not a single individual has been convicted of belonging to the society—possibly those employed to find them out, were connected with them, a circumstance not very uncommon in Spain. The only result of the most searching inquiry, was a conviction, as acknowledged by the Council of State, that there was a mine ready to explode at the first convenient opportunity. It was under

these circumstances, that the ministry, last October, came to the extraordinary resolution of closing not only the University of Salamanca, but all the universities, and all other establishments of education, except the primary schools. The policy of this measure has been much doubted, even by the friends of government—it is true, it has broken up the conspiracy, but it has only separated the conspirators and spread the infection. Ferdinand's own policy was wiser. The having recourse to such a measure, proves, at any rate, the fears of the government, and how ridiculous and false are the assertions to be met with daily in the government newspapers, on the impossibility of revolutionizing Spain.

So rigidly has this order been enforced, that to avoid every possible pretext for young men assembling together, it is not now permitted to give lectures—even medical or surgical lectures. How long this will continue, I know not; it is consolatory to know, that the instruction when given, was so bad, that, if a young man learned anything, it was more from his own industry, than the lectures of the professors.

When the character and natural talents of the Spaniards are considered, it would be impossible not to express astonishment at the few writers the country has produced on moral and natural science, if the history of their country did not present the melancholy cause. There was a short epoch before the accession of Charles the 4th, when the Spanish government openly countenanced the study of those sciences; and nothing could exceed the eager zeal of the young Spaniards to take advantage of the opportunity offered; but, unfortunately, government soon changed its policy—men were made to feel, that there was no hope of reward, unless their minds run on the beaten track of law, medicine, and divinity; nay, worse, that to diverge right or left, was ground of suspicion. Besides, it would have been difficult, and perhaps disgraceful, in any man, in the agitated state of this country for so many years, not to have taken an active part in its politics and civil commotions; and this did not produce a state of mind very congenial to calm and quiet study. To the want, therefore, of opportunities of acquiring the rudiments of science—to a consciousness that there was no reward, either in fame, power, or profit, for devotion to science, nay, the evidence that suspicion and persecution would result from it—and perhaps more than all, to the engrossing attention to politics, have resulted the present dearth of scientific works. A gentleman who is preparing an account of all the Spanish writers since 1800, has assured me, that nearly three-fourths of all those who have published original works since that year, have died expatriated, or are now living in France, England, Italy, America, or Russia—scattered over the face of the whole earth;—what other facts may not be inferred from this one!

For the last fifty years, the Spanish government has been struggling between a wish to promote instruction, for character's sake, and the desire to limit instruction as much as is consistent with the character it affects. This explains the singular and extraordinary inconsistencies observable in their measures, especially during the last five years. Ferdinand is anxious not to be behind other governments in promoting instruction, and he has accordingly countenanced the establishment of mechanics' institutions, and lectures on natural philosophy: but he dreads the possible consequences of his own measures; he fears that minds once awakened, may speculate on forbidden subjects—that men, once taught to question, to reason, and to think, may turn their speculations and thoughts on government, and ask troublesome questions about the divine right of an absolute government; and therefore measures are taken to neutralize as much as

possible the good that might otherwise have resulted from these establishments. The Apostolicals, of course, condemn the liberal part, of the policy of Ferdinand; they would refuse instruction altogether; they would have the world retrograde—bring back the people to the ignorance and indifference of a century ago: but that is impossible.

The character of the people is completely changed from what it was even twenty-five years ago. My long residence among the Castilians has allowed me opportunities for studying their character; and I assure you, that a Castilian peasant of the present day is quite a different man from the peasant of 1806. Their admirable frankness is turned into cunning, and their blind bigoted belief in the priesthood, into ill-concealed contempt for them; and nothing can prove this better than the fact, that, in spite of prosecutions and excommunications, and all the thunders of the church, it is now so difficult to collect tithes, that their value is less than it was under the Cortes, when they paid only a twentieth instead of a tenth. The priests complain bitterly, but it is the natural consequence of their own conduct. In the time of the Constitution, they taught the common people to take a part in politics—to question and canvass the policy of government—to make light of public and private oaths, and to set themselves in opposition to the government; and, after making them shake off their habitual indifference, and compelled them to think, it is not very extraordinary that they should now think for themselves. And this change holds true of all the provinces.

In my next letter, I shall follow up these observations—I shall consider the present condition and feeling of the Spanish people; and I think I shall be able to prove, that the present quiet of this country is not, as it may seem, the consequence of an ignorant and apathetic indifference, but of the numberless private interests which are connected with and dependent on the existence of the present system—that influential men oppose revolution, not in ignorance of the good it would confer on the country, but with the consciousness that their private interests and feudal privileges must be the first thing sacrificed to the good of the country—that they are opposed to it, as your Borough Lords are opposed to Reform:—and I shall conclude by a view of the present condition of the Spanish government—which in my judgment is hastening the very revolution it so much dreads, and the coming of which is now dependent on the possibility or impossibility of raising a foreign loan.

M. O.

STATE OF MUSIC IN ENGLAND.

Celebrate domestic facts.—*Herat.*

"To dispute the right of *Fashion* to enlarge, to vary, or to change the ideas, both of man and woman kind, were a want of good-breeding, of which the author of a periodical paper, who throws himself, as it were, from day to day on the protection of the polite world, cannot be supposed capable. I pay, therefore, very little regard to the observations of some antiquated correspondents, who pretend to set up what they call the *invariable notion* of things against the opinion and practice of *people of condition*. At the same time I must observe, that, as there is a College in Physic, and a Faculty (as it is called in Scotland) in Law; so, in *Fashion*, there is a select body, who enjoy many privileges and immunities, to which pretenders, or inferior practitioners in the art, are by no means entitled.

"*There is a certain grace in the rudeness, and wit in the folly of a person of FASHION, to which one of a lower rank has no manner of pretension.*"—

"Nature and *Fashion* are two opposite powers, that have long been at variance with one another.

The first is allowed to preside over the bulk of the people known by the denomination of the *Vulgar*; the last is peculiar to the higher orders of the state, and by her honours they have a title to be distinguished.

It often lies in a man's way to quote the ancient historians, saith the *Guardian*, and we, feeling ourselves in a degree invested with somewhat of a public right, think we act conscientiously, by "holding the MIRROR up to"—not Nature, but its "opposite power,"—Fashion. Once more do we arraign this vile weed for choking up the fair flowers of our native land. In some former papers we did little more than state the nuisance and its consequences; in the present we shall point out some peculiar localities where it is found to be most luxuriantly flourishing. By the way, reader, you may perceive that we here strip it of its late personalification, and reduce it to its true and original contumelious, which, *Deo juvante*, we hope to find universally recognized in a short time.

Seniores priores—we therefore commence with the Ancient Concerts! "Most potent, grave, and reverend signors," is there not a ridiculous affectation in the very orthography that you use to "write yourselves down"—yes we will pluperlative Dogberry's donkey, and say "asses"? Ante to a *T!* admirable sagacity! most lexicographical propriety! your orchestra should be composed of octogenarians—nothing under 80 should move a mouth or an elbow—old men that formerly had bass voices should, in their second childhood, squeak your trebles, and fiddles made within the last hundred years, be burned, to heat the rooms for the noble directors' comfort and antiquarian censorship. Is it not strange to reflect that the music of the immortal Mozart was once refused admission into this "auditorium stultorum," because forsooth he was not antient and old-fashioned enough to be *obsolete*? Deliver us, Apollo! from such Midases. (Echo answers—asses!) Next comes the "soi-disant" *Philharmonic*. We take it for granted, that not many of the *banditti* know the meaning of their self-assumed name; we therefore inform them that *Philharmonic* is an English Grecian, hybrid, i. e. mongrel epithet, meaning—friendly to or loving music and harmony. Oh! "Discord! dire sister!" did you ever reign so despotically over any conventicle as thou hast over the *Sunday* meetings of this "most musical" (we regret that we cannot fully quote Milton) and most *disinterested* society? To speak learnedly, *prepared dissonances* without any *resolutions*—attempts at *Nestorism* without any other claim than senility—the purity of the art in question forgotten for the mean private interests of *cat-gut* musicians—the object for which in the first instance the society was constituted (namely, the encouragement of national ability in the study which *Marino* calls "*la sorella*" of poetry) turned into a means of miserable emolument—*cum multis aliis*—these, any of these, can prove it is not the *fad* to be truly or nationally musical in England, that is to say, *in public*. We have already stated there is no country richer in amateurs or musical *literati* than this, but then, the very persons who in private languish in ecstasies over foreign music, would exclaim in thunders against their compatriots' productions, merely because they are English, and it is not the *fad* to love one's own now-a-days; no lady of delicate feelings will nurse her own child.—*Bah! †*

A recitative opera by an English author and composer is laughed at by the managers, and some who condescend to reason (or rather *talk*) upon the subject, assert the *cacophony* of the

English language, as the objection. Now, in the name of all that's harmonious, is not our language as good for the purpose as the German? What objection can be made to Arne's *Artaxerxes*, (we speak merely of the sounds of the words—the music is exquisite). Is there not as much euphony to be found *there* as in the German splutter so much in fashion? or does "Do you speak English" hurt the ear more than "Spracken sie Deutsch"? No—no—it is all owing to that fell ruler—Fashion. What is the consequence? A sad one—he who, in other circumstances, might have held his head as high as any continental is forced to "*suivre la mode*," and from the conceptions of lofty and original performances, to descend to that lowest of all musical scribbling—*song-writing*. Hence comes the swar of "*jongleurs*" with which we are now infested. Some few of them are men of genius, who think it is better to do something (however bad) than nothing, and the rest (nine out of ten) are fools who think they compose when they imitate.

Although we have spoken disrespectfully of *song-writing*, be it understood we mean no more than general censure for this species of composition. A beautiful song is a beautiful thing—but there is a rabid state of goose-quills abroad, by which, we thank our stars, we have not yet been bitten. To write or compose a song well, after all, is a difficult matter, and the following extract, from an extinct periodical, will prove to the pretender that his task is by no means an easy one. Speaking of songs, the writer says:

"It is true they do not require an elevation of thought, nor any extraordinary capacity, nor an extensive knowledge; but then, they demand great regularity, and the utmost nicety; an exact purity of style, with the most easy and flowing numbers; an elegant and unaffected turn of wit, with one uniform and simple design. Greater works cannot well be without some inequalities and oversights, and they are in them pardonable; but a song loses all its lustre if it be not polished with the greatest accuracy. The smallest blemish in it, like a flaw in a jewel, takes off the whole value of it. A song is, as it were, a little image in enamel, that requires all the nice touches of the pencil, a gloss and a smoothness, with those delicate finishing strokes which would be superfluous and thrown away upon larger figures, where the strength and boldness of a masterly hand give all the grace. * * A song should be conducted like an epigram; and the only difference between them is, that one does not require the lyric numbers, and is usually employed upon satirical occasions, whereas the business of the other, for the most part, is to express, (as my Lord Roscommon translates it from Horace,)

"Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine."

Let the song-writers of the day—mean the herd, look to this standard of lyric composition; and let them, although forced to do little things, do them well.—More of this, perhaps, hereafter.

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF ROME.—No. II.

Of the ruins actually remaining in what is understood to have been the limits of the Forum, there are the Portico of the Temple of Concord, (at least what is so called in the engravings to which you will refer), the architecture of which is more than questionable; three columns of the Temple of Jupiter Stator; three of Jupiter Tonans; the single handsome column which served so long to hang conjectures on, all of which were shown to be erroneous by digging down to the inscription; and the arch of Septimus Severus. These are all, and they are enough; they are an assurance that we stand in that once celebrated spot; and with that assurance, who, that has memory or imagination, is

not delighted to wander about it, and would not linger there? But all that please for their beauty are the remains of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, which must have been a sumptuous building of the richest and most beautiful Corinthian.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the Forum are many other ruins of great interest, though of little architectural consequence. On the one side, the arches of Janus Quadrifrons, and Septimus Severus, in Velabro, and the remains of the Cloaca Maxima are crowded together, and, but little removed, the temple of Vesta and Fortuna Virile. On the other, the Temple of Faustina serves to remind us of the Via Sacra in which it once stood, surrounded by temples, palaces, pillars, and triumphal monuments, of which nothing remains but the naked brick-work of the Temple of Peace, once the astonishment of the world for its splendour and its wealth. Advancing towards the Colosseum, on the right, is the Palatine, with the broken walls and arches, and naked brick-work, all that remains of the Palace of the Caesars; and on the left the Temple of Peace and Venus. We pass the arches of Titus and Constantine; and there are other remains of interest, but too imperfect to attract attention.

For learned men and travellers no accounts of these can be too minute, and for such there are abundance of excellent and well-illustrated works; but in these mere hints and notices for you stay-at-homes, such particularities would be idle. I merely mean to convey a general idea of the present condition of what I see, and what you would have seen had you accompanied me, of what I feel, and what, therefore, you would have felt; which must often be a mere notice of how far my previous impressions were realized or disappointed.

Of the Triumphal Arches, I should say that, as they were merely ornamental and honorary, they admitted, and indeed required, all "pomp of circumstance" about them. I do not, therefore, object to the profusion of sculpture about that of Titus, which must, when perfect, have been rich and handsome:—now that it is a ruin, or, worse, now that it is repaired, it may seem inferior to the much larger and better preserved one of Constantine. That of Septimus Severus is, beyond question, inferior to both; the bas-reliefs are too much crowded, and run too much into detail; they are bold only in chiselling, not in conception; there is a vast deal of labour evident, but very little taste. The lesser arch, raised by the Argentarii, is rich, not beautiful; but, though much censured for being overloaded with sculpture, it seemed to me small enough to excuse it: it is, what only it could hope to be, gem-like and pretty. The other arches in Rome would be unnoticed, if we were not sent in search of them by engravings and travellers.

The Arch, as it is improperly called, of Janus Quadrifrons, though stripped of everything ornamental, and even the cramping-irons chiselled out, still stands, solid and unshaken, and likely to last for ages. It is extremely picturesque, but never could have been beautiful.

The Cloaca Maxima is only interesting as one of the few remains of the architecture of the early kings of Rome. It is built of large uncemented blocks of stone. You will remember the current tale, founded on Livy, that carts loaded with hay passed through it. But why was it dug so deep? There is good reason to believe that the bed of the Tiber has not greatly risen, and yet its waters are as high as the crown of the arch. If it were really of the depth reported, and open to the Velabrum, would it not rather have inundated than drained it? As it was close to the Navalia, might it not have been originally a canal, or dock, as well as drain? And when, at a later period, it was no longer used, might it not have been covered in and built on, and allowed to choke

† It must be understood that all here said rests on the authority of the writer, and does not in any way compromise the judgment of the paper. The article has been long in type, and was intended to appear long since.

up, and serve as a drain, for which depth could not be wanted? But it is quite heterodox to suppose it was not arched over by the Tarquins, although there have been heretics in Rome; and it has been doubted whether an arch, with a key-stone, was known in that age.

The little circular temple of Vesta, or Hercules, (for every name is disputed), pleased me amazingly. When the Parian marble of its Corinthian columns, and cells, and entablature, had their first polish, and its domed and bronzed roof its lustre, it must have been perfectly beautiful. It is beautiful even now—now that its lustre, and its roof, and its entablature are gone, and it is disfigured with a temporary tiling, and half lost in the dirt heaped around it. The Temple of Fortuna Virile, close adjoining, is proof how little confidence can be placed in engravings. I have more than once wondered to see the columns of this building raised on pedestals, destroying all proportion and beauty; but there is no such thing in the original. I must further observe—and it seems to me extraordinary—that, with the exception of this little building, and the Temple of Concord, all the ruins in Rome are Corinthian where one order only is used:—the Pantheon, the Temples of Faustina, Jupiter Stator, Jupiter Tonans, Nerva, Peace, Pallas, Antoninus Pius, and the Portico of Octavia, are all Corinthian; of the arches, three out of four, and four only, have any architectural character,—those of Septimus Severus, Constantine, and Galieno; and even that of Titus in Composite, which is but a corruption of, and certainly the nearest approach to the Corinthian. I do not say this confidently.

Of the innumerable buildings that once rose in triumph and in honour on the Capitol, nothing remains, if I except some foundations, and other questionable bits of brick-work, not to be named even as the ruins of building, without conveying erroneous impressions. But let us pass on to the great ruin of all, the Colosseum itself.

What shall I say of the Colosseum? That it disappointed me? No. Yet I confess I have something to say, and you will see which way I incline. There is, perhaps, no way of explaining my feeling but by tracing it. In England, the beauty and magnitude of these places was a dream; here I have been delighted and astonished, and at the Colosseum I was to be most delighted and astonished;—my imagination ran wild. In going to it, I examined the three ruined arches of the Temple of Peace, which I had so often disregarded in engravings; they were huge, enormous, and yet I had heard little of them. Now the Colosseum, though assuredly the grandest ruin in Rome, is not so much beyond other things as I had heretofore imagined. The ruins of the Temple of Peace had bewildered me. Some of the huge fragments of its entablature lay under the arches, and struck me with astonishment; and yet, at a little distance, they were lost under the arches themselves. Everything relating to this temple seems to have been on the same gigantic scale;—the statue of the Nile, in the Vatican, is the copy of one found here; and the fluted Corinthian column of Parian marble in the Piazza de S. Maria Maggiore, which measures fifty-eight feet in height, without the pedestal, was one of many that ornamented this building. It seems to have been on a scale of extraordinary grandeur; and I confess that, on arriving immediately after at the Colosseum, I was struck with a want of grandeur. Let me acknowledge to you again that it is the finest ruin in Rome; but having made this admission, I may add that the exterior is made up of too many parts,—there is too much of littleness; it is making a man of twelve feet high by putting one of ordinary proportions upon another man's shoulders; it seems to me evidence of nothing but cost and labour, and he who should raise a similar work higher, and enlarge its circle, would

be a proportionably greater architect. There is no evidence of mind in it; and we do not admire that which is merely large, or the vile statue at the Fountain Trevi would be more wonderful than the Moses of Michael Angelo and Bernini, the first of sculptors. When I admit that the Colosseum is most imposing by its magnitude, grand in its general proportions, I have said all that it deserves; and do not the world say the same thing, when they admit it must be seen by moonlight to be seen in perfection? I have seen it by moonlight—the fine sweep of its outline on the cloudless sky, and its broad shadows on the earth—and the effect is most imposing. Why? Because we see only the grandeur of the general form, and lose all the prettiness of its details.

But I find I must crowd together what little I have to say of the ruins of Old Rome without reference to situation.

My first visit, after my arrival, was, by accident, to the Pantheon—as it would have been by intention, but for some disarrangement of our plans. I believe this respect is usually paid to St. Peter's; but I had heard so much of the beauty of the portico, that there was nothing in Rome I so anxiously desired to see; and I now add my humble testimony to the general commendation. It seems to me perfection. Of the interior, there has been more difference in opinion. The dome is admirable; but to all below the dome there are objections. I cannot understand either the exterior or interior: and no wonder, seeing how it has been altered and mutilated. That the portico is an addition or an after-thought is beyond doubt;—the original pediment is as visible in the building as in the engravings of it. The interior has been notoriously altered, but to what extent I have no idea: the mezzanine, which existed from the first, must have been bad even when ornamented with its famous bronze caryatides. But this criticism is idle, when we have only to think of the dome and the portico, and admire for ever.

Of the Temple of Faustina there is enough of the portico and marble frieze to satisfy us how rich the whole building must have been. What little remains of the Temple of Nerva is as fine as anything in Rome: it is profuse in ornament;—indeed, those better skilled than I am, say too much so; but I did not feel the objection. It seemed to me the perfection of the rich and royal Corinthian—the columns are of Parian marble, fluted, and more than fifty feet in height! Of the once magnificent Portico of Octavia very little remains, and that little it is difficult to see; for it is difficult to bear the stench of the fish-market, in which it is situated. How could that delicate creature, the Venus de Medici, remain so long there! Eleven beautiful Corinthian columns remain, of what is believed to have been the Basilica of Antoninus Pius, supporting a cornice, admirable for its bold and imposing grandeur; though I am told it is a modern addition, which I cannot believe. Of the theatre of Marcellus, abused as it has been, and degraded to all vile uses as it is, enough may be seen to give an idea of its general proportions, and of the chaste and simple beauty of its architecture; its Doric and Ionic, which alone remain, were considered as models, till architects pushed their researches to Greece. Of the Temple of the Sun, erected by Aurelian, it is said the marbles in the Colonna Garden are the remains. These marbles are part of a frieze and entablature beautifully carved; and, judging the proportions of the whole from the parts, it is concluded that the columns must have been full seventy feet in height! The few blocks remaining are enormous, not merely in their architectural proportions, but as blocks of marble. But can every other trace of so gigantic a building have wholly disappeared? Was this frieze ever supported by columns? Was the building

they were intended to ornament ever perfected? Was it only projected?

The Temple of Minerva Medica is an elegant little ruin, but stripped of every ornament: the naked brick-work alone remaining, the roof and walls half gone, and the whole threatening to fall every day.

D. W.

LONDON'S UNIVERSITY.

THE adjourned meeting, to receive the report of the committee, took place on Saturday last. The only important part of the report was, the recommendation that the future management of the University should be entrusted to a committee of five, to be selected from among the council. Now, allowing all due weight to the judgment of the framers of this report, we cannot but believe a committee of the council is only so much better than the council as it is less numerous—and it appears to us quite wild and visionary to 'hope that any five independent gentlemen will devote their time so constantly and exclusively to the University, as the management of such an institution will necessarily require. We therefore still retain our opinion, that the executive power, to be efficient, must be delegated to some paid officer, and that such officer should be elected by the professors and approved by the council.

FINE ARTS.

Illustrations of Don Quixote. Designed by Henry Alkin. Engraved by John Zetter. London, Tilt.

A Tax Receiver. } Designed by H. Alkin, and *A Tax Payer.* } Engraved by J. Zetter. Tilt. THERE is a whole volume of philo-sophy in the 'Tax Receiver' and 'Tax Payer'; and the tobacco-pipe stuck through the head of the herring, and made to serve as a roasting-spit, is a touch not unworthy of Hogarth. We have great pleasure in commanding these works, for we cannot say one word in praise of Mr. Alkin's 'Illustrations of Don Quixote.'

Evening in Italy. Engraved by C. Cassile, from a drawing by Claude Lorraine.

Illustrations of the 'Two Dogs.' By Kid. The rivalry among the ladies' magazines is greatly to the benefit of the public. These are very spirited and clever engravings, both appear with plates of costume, &c., in the next number of the Royal Lady's Magazine. It rather puzzles our experience to know how the proprietors are to be remunerated.

MUSIC.

KING'S THEATRE.

Giulio Regondi's Concert, Saturday, 23rd July.

WE have already noticed the performance of this extraordinary child, only eight years of age, so remarkable for the beauty of his person and the precocity of his musical talents. It is singular that his childish fancy should have led him to select the guitar, whose limited compass and want of power render it of extreme difficulty as a solo instrument, besides requiring the full strength of an adult to overcome its mechanical difficulties. Giulio Regondi has removed obstacles which might have been supposed far beyond the physical powers of a child; and if his future progress bear any proportion to what he has already achieved, he will, in all probability, raise the guitar to a rank it has never yet attained.

The pieces of this concert were well selected, and the performance generally good. Miss Masson, although affected with hoarseness, sang in a style to convince those who know anything

of the matter, that she possesses the elements of which first-rate singers are formed, and that a few years' practice, and a journey to Italy, may raise her to eminence in the *opera seria*. Passat air was given in her most exquisite style, notwithstanding a troublesome cough.

Madame Raimbaux, who sang the "variations tyroliennes," written by Himmel for Malibran, is certainly a lady of talent; but there is not sufficient *laissez-aller* in her performance. Her *roulades* are too stiff and precise; their want of grace and elasticity render her manner something hard and dry.

Mr. Bennett sang, very indifferently, a very indifferent song, by Mr. A. Lee. As usual, good taste and expression were forgotten, in favour of a long shake at the termination of each verse. When will English singers leave off this absurd custom, which exposes them to the ridicule of all persons of taste?

THEATRICALS

ENGLISH OPERA—ADELPHI.

The amusements of the week have received some variations at this House from the violin of a Mr. Collins, "surnamed," as the bills tell us, "the English Paganini." Why so surnamed we are at a loss to guess—Mr. Collins is no more an English Paganini, than Signor Paganini himself is a Milanese Collins. "Comparisons," as we learn from the copy-books, "are odious"—and this is no exception to the rule. Mr. Collins is, however, decidedly a clever player,—and in the simple air of "Sul margine," on the fourth string, he produced an unusually fine tone, and evinced much feeling and taste. His variations are doubtless extraordinary, and display considerable facility of finger: but they are not comparable with those of the Signor, either for extent or finish. Mr. Collins, nevertheless, deserved and received considerable applause, and as differentes of opinion may exist with regard to the amount of his qualifications, we recommend the curious in these matters to go and judge for themselves—which, indeed, we are happy to hear great numbers have already done.

MISCELLANEA

Page mini has been (he would say) sadly ill-used at Cheltenham. His performance was announced at double playhouse prices, himself to pocket two thirds of the proceeds—but, finding the house not half full, he refused to play unless paid two hundred guineas beforehand: this the manager declined doing, and acquainted the audience of the circumstances, which created such a tumult, that a party beset the Signor in his hole, and he was at length obliged to perform, at ordinary prices—but the total receipts being little more than enough to cover the expenses, the fiddler did not even get a sixpence.

Endless-Power Machine.—An engine so called has been constructed by a Mr. Richards, of Bristol, after fifteen years application, which, it is said, will supersede steam in all its applications. The inventor declares, says the *Bath Herald*, that his self-acting engine of two hundred horse power will take a vessel round the world, with the small quantity of two gallons of oil applied to its movements when required.

French Edition of Stephens's Greek Thesaurus.—A twelvemonth since the prospectus for this work was issued—and already has the first *livraison* (printed by Didot) made its appearance. It is edited by C. B. Hase, Lnd. de Sinner, and T. Fix. The difference between this new edition and the original one of Stephens and of that published by Mr. Valpy is, that an alphabetical arrangement has been adopted in preference to the etymological, pursued by the two former. The editors profess also to work

out the plan proposed by the English edition, that of bringing together in a methodical manner all that has been written in the way of criticism on the Greek tongue—and, with the advantage of the previous labours of Mr. Barker, no doubt further improvements and a greater choice of materials will enable the editors to render their work still more complete. This undertaking is a proof that the *love of letters* is not extinguished even in this most eventful and political age.

Champagne to treat the Russians.—During several months, a quantity of packages, supposed to be filled with cases of champagne, had been passed into Poland across the Bavarian and Austrian territories. The quantity of these packages, and their extraordinary weight, at length induced the custom-house officers to try if the champagne was properly *up*, and the packages on examination were found to be filled with gun-barrels, and the necessary appendages! Each case is said to have contained three hundred (!) stand of arms destined for the use of the brave Poles against their oppressors.—Another successful scheme was, to conceal such articles in American timber; and thus they passed without any difficulty, till the vigilant (or sleeping) officers had their eyes opened by the opening of one of the logs.

Rousseau's Prophecy.—“The empire of Russia would subjugate Europe, and will be subjugated itself by its own provinces. The Tartars, its subjects or neighbours, will become its masters and ours. This revolution appears to me unavoidable: all the kings in Europe labour together to accelerate it.” (Rousseau, *Contrat Social*, liv. ii. chap. 8.) Thus prophesied the wild enthusiast Rousseau; and thus comments upon it the sneering philosopher Voltaire:—“These words are extracted from a pamphlet entitled the ‘Contrat Social,’ or unsocial, of the very unsociable Jean Jacques Rousseau. It is not astonishing, that, having performed miracles at Venice he should prophesy on Moscow; but, as he well knows that the good time of miracles and prophecies has passed away, he ought to believe that his prediction against Russia is not so infallible as it appeared to him in his first fit of divination. It is pleasant to announce the fall of great empires: it consoles us for our littleness. It will be a fine gain for philosophy, when we shall constantly behold the Nogais Tartars, who can, I believe, bring twelve thousand men into the field, coming to subjugate Russia, Germany, Italy, and France. But I flatter myself that the Emperor of China will not suffer it.” Time seems to be fulfilling the dreams of the visionary, notwithstanding the scoff of the philosopher. We may say of Rousseau with Polonius, “How pregnant sometimes his remarks are—a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of.”

A novel attraction now presents itself at the Vaudeville Theatre in Paris—in the person of Henri Monnier, an artist known to the public by his productions of the pencil as a caricaturist, who has made a successful débüt on the stage in a piece of his own composition, entitled “La Famille improvisée.” Men of letters, artists, and performers, have felt much interested in the success of this young man, who is said to have been induced to choose the stage as a medium for filling up, not only the outlines of the characters he has sketched on paper, but, more sensibly, *his own outline*;—in other words, a call for bread is said not to have been answered as it ought by his former patrons—he was ordered to *brush*, when he wished to *draw*.

The *Semaphore* states, that the olive-trees and other plants sent to Algiers last spring, have completely succeeded. Equal success has attended the introduction of cotton and indigo; and a rich harvest is in prospect.

It appears that in the year 1543 a certain sea officer, called Blasco de Garay, offered to exhibit before the Emperor Charles V. a machine, by means of which a vessel should be made to move without the assistance of either sails or oars. Though the proposal appeared ridiculous, the man was so much in earnest, that the Emperor appointed a commission to witness and report upon the experiment. It consisted of Don Enrique de Toledo, Don Pedro Cardona, the Treasurer Ravago, the Vice Chancellor Gralla, and many experienced seamen. The experiment was made the 17th June, 1543, on board a vessel called the *Trinidad*, of two hundred barrels' burden, which had lately arrived with wheat from Colibre. The vessel was seen at a given moment to move forward and turn about at pleasure, without sail or oar or human agency, and without any visible mechanism, except a huge boiler of hot water and a complicated combination of wheels and paddles. The assembled multitude were filled with astonishment and admiration. The harbour of Barcelona resounded with plaudits, and the commissioners, who shared in the general enthusiasm, all made favourable reports to the Emperor, except only the Treasurer Ravago. This man, from some unknown cause, was prejudiced against the inventor and his machine. The experiment over, Garay collected his machinery, and having deposited the wooden part in the royal arsenal, carried the rest to his own house. Singular as this fact may be, it is fully established by various documents lately found in the archives of Siemancas, and is so circumstantially stated as to be incontrovertible.—*A Year in Spain*.

The cruelty of Minicuffa will never be forgotten while Christianity exists in Abyssinia. One curious piece of barbarity I have read in the history of his time. A Turk, whom he had sent for from Arabia, to make mortar to build with, was some months in his service in this laborious employment, when one day he called the poor fellow from his work in the court to drink maize. After he had washed his hands, he was ordered to sit down in the midst of many great men, and was served with a large hornful of maize, but, not having eaten anything that day, and being afflicted with a complaint in his bowels, before he would drink he cut off three cloth buttons from his shirt and swallowed them. Minicuffa, seeing him do this, asked him the reason, and the poor Turk told him that he was tormented with three large worms in his belly, and that if he drank before he ate something, they would trouble him the whole day by turning about in his bowels; adding, that each worm would take one of those three buttons, and be quiet till the next day. This greatly surprised Minicuffa, who ordered him to be cut open immediately, which was done, and Minicuffa found worms, as the Turk had told him, and he was afterwards very sorry for what he had done.—*Peacock's Adventures*.

We landed our pilgrims to get rid of part of their vermin, which they do in a curious manner, by spreading their garments on the beach, and, when well warmed with the sun, they trill them, as they are spread, for several yards along the flat sand, which swept them off in numbers.—*Ibid.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W. W.M.	Thermom.		Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	
	Max.	Min.				
Th.	21	74	50	29.50	S.W. to S.	Cloudy.
Fr.	22	75	50	Stat.	S.W.	Clear.
Sat.	23	70	55	Stat.	S.W.	Rain, P.M.
Sun.	24	70	52	Stat.	S.W. to W.	Rain, A.M.
Mon.	25	71	54	29.75	W.	Cloudy.
Tues.	26	75	54	.90	N.W.	Clear.
Wed.	27	80	54	.98	N.W.	Ditto.

Prevailing Clouds.—*Cirrostratus*, *Cumulus*, *Nights fair*; *mornings fair*, except on *Sunday*. Mean temperature of the week, 63°.

Astronomical Observations.

Mars in apheleum on Saturday.
Sun entered Leo on Saturday at 4h. 20m. P.M.
Moon and Jupiter in conj. on Tuesday at 8h. A.M.
Mars's geocen. long. on Wed. 23° 3' in Leo.
Venus's — — — 14° 20' in ditto.
Sun's — — — 3° 33' in ditto.
Length of day on Wed. 15h. 38m.; decreased, 56m.
Sun's hourly motion, 2° 23'. Logarithmic number of distance on Monday, .006688.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

If our facetious and good-humoured friend had really taken Counsel's opinion, he would have found that the Secretary's Assistant was right—unless the party happened to be a lady in her own right.

Thanks to W. C. D.; J. F. D.; M.; and especially to J. H. M. for his information.

The papers mentioned by Junius Redivivus were evidently named because first thought of—his letter is, in itself, objectionable.

T. T. No. 2, very good, if brief and graphic—two letters of two columns each. No. 4, good—but purely historical, and not mixed up with opinions; 5 and 6, good—but must be lively and brief.

Thanks to our Edinburgh E. P. friend. On his referring to the last paragraph of our notice inserted in No. 194, we will see that we shall not be able to return his attention in the way he wishes.

Junius's History of Painting and a second notice of the Club Book are unavoidably deferred till next week.

Other Correspondents next week.

Athenæum Advertisement.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

We are given to understand, that the Life and Correspondence of the late Mr. Roscoe are already in preparation for the press by some of the members of his family. These, together with his miscellaneous works on a variety of important subjects, will be printed uniformly with an octavo edition of the Lives of Lorenzo and Leo X. The correspondence, we understand, embraces a period of nearly sixty years: during which, this celebrated writer was in the habit of communicating with the most distinguished characters of the age, both literary and political.

Just subscribed.—Accounts of Fifty-five Royal Sessions and Entertainments in the City of London, from Henry III. to George III., 8vo. 3s. 6d.—General O'Connor's Letter to General Lafayette, on the Causes which have deprived France of the Advantages of the Revolution of 1830, 8vo. 2s.—French and Skinner's Translations of the Proverbs, 5s. 6d.—Hawkins on Cholera, 7s. 6d.—A General System of Gardening and Botany, 32. 12s.—Moore's Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, 17. 14.—Lindley's Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden, 11s.—Notices of Engravers, 8vo. 12s.; royal 8vo. 18s.—Family Library of French Classics, Moliere, 8vo, common paper, 14s. 6d.; fine, 12. 11s. 6d.; Corneille, common paper, 14s.; fine, 12. 11s. 6d.—Lynch's Law of Election in the Cities and Towns of Ireland, 6s.—Elliot's Medical Pocket Book, 5s.—Bird's Eye View of Foreign Parts, 5s.—A Tale of Tacuman, 3s.—Manuscript Memorials, 7s.—Gerard's New and Entertaining Dialogues, on an Improved Interlinear System, 4s.—Valpy's Classical Library, 4s. 6d.—Hughes's Divines, No. 15, 7s. 6d.—The Club Book, by Various Authors, 17. 4s.—Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. 3, 5s.

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